

HOPE AND DESPAIR,

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Behold the Saviour!

Behold the Saviour of man-
kind,

Nailed to the shame-
ful tree;

How vast the love
that Him in-
clined

To bleed and die
for thee!

Mark, how He
groans! while
nature shakes,
And earth's
strong pillars
bend;

The temple's veil
in sunder
breaks
The solid marbles
rend.



I saw One hanging on a
tree,

In agony and blood.

Who fixed His
dying eyes on
me

His near the
Cross I stood.

My conscience
felt and owned
my guilt,

And plunged
me in despair;

I saw my sins
His Blood had
spilt,

And helped to
nail Him there.

Sure never till my latest breath

I shall I forget that look!

It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.



Hardened and Hopeless.

An Address Delivered by the Late MRS. GENERAL BOOTH, at the Congress Hall, Clapton London, England, on Sunday Evening, February 8th, 1885.

(Never before Published in any Country.)

"But when Pharaoh saw that there was respite, he hardened his heart."—Exodus viii. 15.



WILL resume to-night the same character of thought from the same text as last Sunday. "But when Pharaoh saw that there was respite—respite—time—he hardened his heart."

We have dealt so far more particularly on the characteristic of Pharaoh's sin, and of its being a characteristic not peculiar to him, but common to all sinners, to harden their hearts; and we propose to-night for a few minutes to show the process by which sinners accomplish this.

We remarked that the history of Pharaoh, and of many sinners of this day, shows that rebellion against God is

THE ESSENCE OF SIN.

hence many who appear only, so to speak, little sinners in man's sight, are great sinners in God's sight, because it is not the outward form which sin takes, but the depth of rebellion which there is in the heart against God that determines the character of each sin.

We remarked especially that this rebellion was always of deliberate choice—that the man could not be a rebel against God against his will, but that he chooses rebellion. And in this we tried to show the futility of any excuse on the ground of having to continue in sin, seeing that he chooses to continue in sin was equivalent to a first act of rebellion.

We went on further to show that all God's dealings with our race are against the continuance of this rebellion, not for His own sake only, but because the highest good of the subject is his submission to the King. God seeks not the submission and obedience of the race merely for His own glory, for a tyrant might do that, but for their own good; and we illustrated this by the case of a good and wise and benevolent parent who had rebellious sons, and we showed that, no matter what relation this son might sustain with his companions or with those around him, while he still was in rebellion against a good and benevolent parent, real goodness, happiness, and well-being were impossible to him; that

HIS FIRST DUTY

was to return to obedience to his father.

And thus the very essence, foundation and initiatory step into a good, holy and a happy life is in a return to our allegiance and obedience to our heavenly Father.

Further, we remarked that Pharaoh's history, and the history of thousands since that day, proves that, after all, notwithstanding all our native depravity, notwithstanding our evil inclinations, and notwithstanding our evil propensities, and notwithstanding, in spite of it all, to wend their way down to eternal death; that the way to hell was no smooth and easy road, for the perpetual promise to do right shows the perpetual condemnation for not doing it. "Oh," it shows also that it is no easy life to those who boldly and defiantly say, like those in the parable, "We will not have this man to reign over us." We illustrated this by the death—of some who had died in their sins, and tried to show

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF CONTENDING WITH GOD.

this hopelessness of winning in such a contest. If there had

been any hope of the sinner in the parable overcoming his master and getting rid of the consequences, his sin might have been equally great, though it would not have been so foolish; but when there was no hope, no reward, when he was in the power of his Lord, his conduct was not only wicked, but supremely foolish.

How vain is the attempt to fight with the Almighty! He was too strong for Pharaoh, and He will ultimately be too strong for all such. Therefore we urged and invited and entreated all those who were in conscious rebellion against God to ground their consciences of rebellion, and to submit, while there was respite, while the hand of Divine Justice was stayed, and while the overtures of mercy were offered.

Now, to-night, we want to show two or three methods by which sinners harden their hearts. The first, and perhaps the most common, with Gospel-hardened sinners all around, is

BY TRYING TO DENY THE FACTS.

refusing to think about it. Men, at least intelligent and rational men, while they usually think about all subjects that have to do with their well-being in this life, will reason on those subjects which they cannot master, and will try to arrive at the best conclusion possible with the degree of light and knowledge which they possess—will refuse, strange to say, on this important question of salvation, to use either their intellects or their consciences. They refuse to think. They try to banish it from their memories, and if it were not that God in His mercy is continually raising the question, they would fearfully succeed in never more thinking about God, or exercising any concern as to His claims upon them. They would become utterly dead to His voice were it not that He in His mercy is continually

PURSUING THEM TO THINK.

Pharaoh would never have thought about the God of the Hebrews, or he had not been in his course of oppression and wickedness but for the voice which God continually sent to him, and the convictions He stirred in his soul through Moses.

Again and again God raised the controversy, appealing to Pharaoh and his conscience, and even to his interests, in order to get him to submit, but as soon as ever respite came he banished the question and hardened his heart.

And it is just so now! Oh, do we not know it? Do we not continually come into contact with men and women who tell us that God has been raising this question of salvation from their very babyhood? I might say that I think hundreds have confessed this to me in different ways. They have said, "Oh, yes, when I was a boy I had tender feelings, serious impressions. They were one master I sat under when I used to weep and feel I ought to submit to God."

BUT I PUT IT OFF.

and never did. I had the drawings of the Holy Spirit. God raised the question again and again, but I banished it. And then I got on in life and was married," and, as a gentleman said to me once, "God has been jabbing me about it on my circumstances ever since. I married one whom I loved as my own soul, and in a few years God took her, and I felt as if I should never smile again." Two years after that I lost at a stroke £10,000, and I knew God was pulling me up. I went on for two or three more years and had another overwhelming sorrow, and so I have been going on till now.

And I looked at him on that railway platform (it was the morning after he had been attending one of our services), and

said, "In the work done yet?" And he said, "No!" And I said, "Look out then, for if you have anything left, God will strip you of that. God is set on your salvation, and do you think you are not to use that to see that he let it go? Do you think He will give you up till He has reduced you to the state of the prodigal?" And he said,

"I AM AFRAID NOT."

Oh, the infatuation with which man will knowingly withstand the dealings of God with their souls! But He keeps raising the question. He will not let it be long out of their sight. By losses, crosses, bereavements, sickness, by the Gospel, through the influence of Christian friends and books, and by the silent and unknown influences and communications of His Holy Spirit—by matches and otherwise. By all these means God is continually raising the question of the sinner's salvation, and asking him face it, making him look at his sins, and forward at the hell beyond, making him listen to the ruling of the voice of God underneath his feet. God won't let him forget it. He wakes up and hears sounds that he never heard before; he hears voices, and he wonders where they come from, and he knows in his soul it is God.

God wants to save you, my friend, and therefore He reasons with you as with one of old, of righteousness, and judgment to come. He reasons, talks with you, pulls you up, wakes you face about, and asks, "Do whether you are prepared to stand up to give in, and you would have done it years ago only

YOU HARDENED YOUR HEART.

Oh, think, think, some of you, how near you were doing it once! You remember where you stood, where you sat, where you lay, how near you were closing in with the offers of His mercy, and yielding your rebellious will and becoming His beloved child; but you hardened your heart, you resisted, you put it away, you said, "A little longer, and then I will do it." Let me do this and the other, and settle this and that."

Oh, if an angel had told you then that over you would have reached your present age and have stood on the journey of life where you now stand, and heard that it had been Gabriel himself, you would have said, "No, you are mistaken, I shall be a Christian long before that," but you are here, and you are not.

Now then, you have managed to get then far by hardening your heart. Bad as your heart is, it would have yielded to God, but you hardened it. Your will came in to fight with conscience, and feelings, and emotions, and enabled you to put away the strivings of God's Spirit, and prevented you doing what your own better nature urged, and what you know you should have done. You hardened your heart and put the question away, rushing into business or pleasure, or whatever the devil had in hand for you, and hence you are here to-night, unsaved!

Another favorite method by which people harden their hearts is by

TRYING TO JUSTIFY THEIR CONDUCT.

If I begin to talk to a man or woman about their soul, I can soon see where they are. The more a man wishes to pursue a course of unbelief, the more he tries to justify himself. The more he doubts as to the

rightness of a course he wishes to pursue, the more anxious is he to make it the right path, both to himself and to others. Oh, we see this every day around us. Here is a man who knows he ought not to use tobacco, but he does. Now, you hardly ever come into that man's company but he will begin justifying himself, not waiting for you to raise the question. It is his own conscience that makes him feel uneasy, and so he wants to excuse himself for taking drink. Well, it is just the same with other sins. Here is one who knows he is a guilty sinner against God, but he is carrying a brazen face. You begin to talk to him and he begins immediately, "Well, you know I am obliged to do so-and-so, moving in the company of such and such."

Now, you see that this is the very opposite of submission. Why has God awakened that man, and made him feel uneasy? Not because He doubts to do him wrong, but because he has not his conscience fighting him in order to make him submit. Instead of that, the man hardens his heart by justifying himself, and so goes on in his rebellion.

Now, my friends, this is the very reverse of repentance. If you have been adopting this course hitherto, give it up. Give up excusing yourself. While you can find no excuse for sin there is no real repentance. You must take the place of the prodigal, and say, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son."

Another way by which sinners harden their hearts is by putting off—

POSTPONEMENT.

They promise to do it by-and-by. Pharaoh said Moses again and again, and said, "Here, here, I must have this plague stayed. Here, pray to your God. I will serve Him and let you go." And Moses prayed again and again. "Do not when he saw that there was respite he hardened his heart." He said, "I have said that Pharaoh had unto as much excuse as you have. "What would his statement or proud words avail, or all the surrounding kings say if he let that great people go whom he held as slaves?" And so he fastened all this and hardened his heart, and said, "Oh, well, we have got over this plague, perhaps He will send another, but I will not let those people go." And then comes another plague, and then Moses again, and says, "Put to your God, I will serve Him and let you go." But again, instead of yielding he raised up that puny arm of rebellion.

You say, "What a fool was I!"

WAS HE A RICHER FOLK THAN SOME OF YOU?

Have you not acted it precisely over again? Your plagues were not those of the Egyptian, though perhaps you have had things quite as unpleasant and painful, but you have not acted it. You have heard people confess that their plagues were ten times more to bear than all the plagues of Egypt. God does not forget His rebellious subjects any more than He forgot Pharaoh. But you hardened your heart and put it off, and here you are putting it off yet. My friends, oh, be warned! "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Well, you say, that is not true, it is not true, it is not true, it is for thirty or fifty years and I am not destroyed yet." Oh, hold! It does



THE LATE MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

not say speedily, but suddenly! Look out! The show long suspended falls like a flash of lightning at last. There is many a rebel against God who has lifted his arm of rebellion, and in many years, who has been smitten down at a stroke without having time to repent, and to become a sinner. God is not mocked. Oh, let me for a minute or two show you your folly in putting off! We know it is the best time to do things that the longer we delay, the more difficult they will be. We know that the man is familiar with the truth without understanding it, who is able it is that he will obey it. Convince a young man that it is to his interests to pursue a certain course of conduct, if he does not do so, he will do it, but if he does, if he does so far more likely to neglect it a second time till he has no time talking to him, because he has resisted all the truth that has been brought to bear upon him." And it is equally true of girls.

You who have made it off time after time, if you persevere in this course of conduct, you will never be saved. Your damnation is as sure as if it were already accomplished, because the longer you go on listening to the truth without obeying it, the longer you go on becoming. You are forging a chain, every day adding another link. You are making a round you, and yet you go on adding links. And look how unphilosophical you are!

You say, "When I have bound myself round and round, and made the chain very long, then I will make a desperate effort to break it." You are binding yourself faster and faster, and yet you say, "I will break it as fast as I can, I will break it and jump out." Will you?

THE DEVIL WILL SEE TO THAT.

You will have to close it with saying, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended and I am not saved."

My friends, give up this position. Oh, when I look back, when I think—I dare not look back and call up the illustrations of this awful fact that I have known in my experience, for you know there are many stages in this heart-hardening process. Some are got so far that they are "past feeling." Their consciences are "scared as with a red-hot iron." Twice dead." It does not matter what God Almighty says, they will never be saved; they are "past feeling." I hope there are no more of this class here. They have got right to the verge of the pit; another step and they are in, and it will be all over with them.

There is another stage, not so far on, but getting on. They have periods of feeling, but they have long spells of hardening and unbelief when they seem to realize nothing of God or eternity.

IT IS ALL A BLANK.

And then they have a period of feeling when they are uneasy, and they weep and pray and struggle and promise, but they never cut off the right-hand sin, or pluck out the right-eye sin ; they never come out and give themselves to God.

And then there is another class to whom I turn with a great deal more hope—the young and tender, whose hearts are susceptible of divine things, who not only have periods of feeling, but who feel most of the time. Who say, "Lord, I want to serve and love Thee." These, I trust, are the true converts.

Oh, my young friends, to you I appeal to-night and especially turn with hope. Don't begin this heart-hardening process. Don't allow Satan to persuade you to begin. Don't go the circumlocutory way that nearly all flesh go, and try to find out by your reason, and by this thing and the other, a plea for procrastination, but come at once to God while your heart is young.

and tender. Yield now! Give in! Don't put off! Don't procrastinate, for if you do, when you get into the darkness of the hardened state, when there is no water to slack your burning thirst, and no God to answer your bitter cry, and when there is no bread for the gnawing hunger which must gnaw you for ever and ever, it will be too late then. Oh, yield now!

I think I see Pharaoh as he stood upon the banks of the Red Sea, when God's last visitation fell upon him, for I do not believe God gave Pharaoh up till he set his foot in that sea to follow His people. I have such an opinion of the loving mercy of God, I so believe that He loved Pharaoh just as much as any other sinner, that I don't believe God even gave Pharaoh up till that last act of his hardened heart. Oh, I think I see Pharaoh as he stood upon the banks of the Red Sea, and I think I see the Angel of Mercy

MAKING ONE MORE EFFORT

to stop him in his course, hovering, as it were, over him, and raising the controversy once more in his conscience, and saying, "Pharaoh, had you not better yield? Is it wise for you to dare and defy this God of the Hebrews again Who has killed all the first-born of the people? Suppose He should make His final stroke in your destruction and the destruction of the flower of your Army? Suppose He should, after you were in the trough of the sea, bring the waters down on your head."

Oh, I can seem to see the struggle of the king, and hear his heart beat, as it were, with the devil and his earthly interests and friends on one side, and God and salvation on the other side, and mind, nobody can settle that question but himself.

I think I see the angel hovering over him—the angel that will not take his flight until the final word is spoken in Pharaoh's heart. But that heart was hardened as it had been so often previously. He decided he would pursue after Jehovah's chosen people ; and in he goes, followed by his mighty hosts to defy the God of Israel. The angel of mercy takes his last sad flight, there is no more controversy. Now, Pharaoh is given over to the devil. Now he is as hard as the adamant at the bottom of the sea upon which he walks. He goes to

HIS LAST ACT OF DEFIANCE.

and down come the waters on him and his hosts. That is the end of his rebellion. Will you risk it? Will you, sinner? He will be too strong for you. There is a flood for Pharaoh. He will be too strong for you. There is a flood for the world, a dark, cold river. You will have to face it. You will come to the bank and shiver and shrink, and take hold of your father and mother's hands, and say, "Good-bye," and however much their loving hearts may long to plunge in with you and help you battle, they cannot, they will have to stand back—your wife, your husband, your children, Oh, how their hearts will beat for you, and how they will yearn to help you, and how they will weep, but they cannot! All those who have loved you, those ministers who have cautioned and warned you in life; but, no,

YOU MUST DIE ALONE!

Sinner, how are you going in? Will you go in in rebellion, or in peace, and amity and friendship? Shall there be a convoy of angels come from the other side to bear you over, or will you venture to risk and defy the wrath of Almighty God? Hell's host is behind you, and the river of death is before you. There is only one Saviour, and that is Jesus Christ. Will you have Him? The Lord help you. AMEN!

SOMETIMES it happens, on certain shores of Brittany, that a man—some traveller or fisherman, perchance—as he makes his way along the sands at low tide, far from the beach, suddenly becomes aware that for some minutes he has been walking with difficulty.

The ground is as wax beneath his feet; the sole sticks to it; it is no longer sand; it is glue. The strand is quite dry, but at each step he takes, whenever he lifts his foot, the footprint that he leaves fills with water.

The eye, it is true, has noticed no



lasts for hours; which stands but at once and you; which, laying hold of you standing upright, free and in full health, draws you in by the feet; which, at every effort you put forth, every cry you give, draws you a little further down; which seems to punish your struggles by a redoubled grasp; which forces its victim gently into the earth, while letting him all the time look at the horizon, the trees, the green sward, the wreaths of smoke from the chimneys, the blue sky, the sun, the sea, the sails of the vessels at sea, the birds that fly and swim the sun, the sky. Engagement—it is the grave which makes itself into water and rises from the bottom of the earth towards the living man. Each minute is a pitiless grave-digger. The poor wretch tries at each minute, to lie, to creep; all the movements that he makes to escape from the implacable, he feels, he knows, he is being swallowed up. He shrinks, imploring, he tries to the clouds, waves his arms, despairs.

There he is, in the sand up to his waist; it reaches his chest; he is only a bust. He throws up his hands, pours forth furious groans, claws at the sand with his nails, would cling to this cinder. lift himself on his elbows to draw himself from this soft sheath, sob frantically—the sand rises.

It reaches his shoulders, reaches his neck; only the face can be seen. The mouth crows, the sand fills it; silence. The eyes still stare, the sand fills them; the light goes. Then the forehead grows level, a little hair waves above the sand; a hand is thrust out, makes a hole in the surface of the sand, shakes and stirs, and disappears. Awful effacement of a man!

The words are Victor Hugo's

Sin is the shifting sand which rises and rises, laying hold little by little, with terrible power, all the faculties of him whom it cradles.

Sin has a gentleness that is deceptive. It gives no warning. It beckons, woo, seems to offer firm ground that we may walk upon without danger. The weather is fine. All is smiling. Impossible that there should be a real and terrible danger

there, just in front of us! So on we go. But soon we begin to realize that we have yielded to a terrible power—

and whose grip becomes ever more and more irksome—the grip of death.

Selfishness, anger, jealousy, envy, avarice, pride, lust,—we sink in them without at first realizing our true position. But what seems a good road is only a frightful tomb in disguise. This young man, for instance, dragged down little by little

by some lust—how great is his anguish when he comes to face the fact that the sin to which he yielded carelessly enough at first now holds him in its grip, and that he is "condemned to a dreadful burial, slow, unfailing, un pitying"!

And this other, who all his life long has striven to reject any belief in God, trying to become a real infidel,

A GENUINE SCEPTIC—

look at him now on his death-bed. He feels himself sinking, disappearing; he would fain have some hope beyond the grave, something or some one to cling to; but in this solemn hour the unbelief which he has cherished holds him captive and plunges

The awakened man struggles, agonizes, strives, but strives in vain.

For him, the look of everything has suddenly changed; he "looks at the horizon, the sky, the trees," at life itself, like a man who feels himself dying. The whole world, in which others see only life, gaiety, security, seems to him to have suddenly covered itself with a pall; for he realizes that he is a sinner and that "the wages of sin is death." The shifting sand has caught him! "In the midst of life he is in death."

change. The wide stretch of shore is unbroken and still, all the sand looks the same, nothing distinguishes the ground that is firm from the ground that is no longer so; the little cloud of sand-hoppers still leap boisterously over his feet.

The man pursues his course, goes straight on, presses towards the land, seeks to gain the beach. He is not uneasy—why should he be? Notwithstanding, he feels somewhat as if his feet were growing heavier at every step. Suddenly—he is

Assuredly he is not on the right course, so he stops to take his bearings.

All at once he looks down at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws his feet from the sand, he will retrace his steps, he turns back. He sinks deeper !

The sand comes up to his ankles, he turns himself from it. He jumps to the left, the sand comes half way up his leg ; he springs to the right, the sand comes to his knees. Now he recognizes, with horror unspeakable, that he is caught in a

shifting sand, that he has under him the frightful medium on which man can no more walk than fish can swim in it. He throws off his burden, if he has one; he lightens himself like a ship in distress; there is little enough time, the sand is already

He shouts, he waves his hat or handkerchief; the sand is gaining upon him more and more. If the shore is deserted, if the land is too far off, if the ill-repute of the sandbank is only too well known, if there is no help at hand it is all up with

too well known, if there is no more at hand, it is all up with him; he is condemned to *engorgement*—to be swallowed up. Life is condemned to this dreadful burial, slow, unfeeling, unpitiful; which can neither be hindered nor hastened: which

Beyond the Work-House Gate.

BY ADJUTANT D. THOMAS.

It was Sunday morning. Multitudes of worshippers had knelt at the feet of the "Father of Lights" in thanksgiving for the mercies of the past week, and others had poured out their many and varied needs into His ears. But, alas, even in this enlightened age, crowds know not of Him except as an abstract Being. Who cared not for them or their needs. Amongst the latter were a poor, wretched, homeless mother and her little daughter, who were loitering about the streets of this fashionable West-end of London, ill-clad and hungry.

WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF THE WORK-HOUSE DOORS.

looking with envy upon the well-fed and warmly-clad crowds who were returning from their various places of worship. Amongst the crowd they detected a woman with a face lit up with a strange, supernatural light, attired in a plain dress, and a poke bonnet on her head. They accosted her, and pleaded for a little assistance to purchase some bread and tea, as they had to wait about the cold, bleak streets till six o'clock, and had not broken their fast that day. The Salvationist was poor, having only sixpence in her possession, which she gave to them, but she was rich in the grace of God, and was able, as a consequence, to recommend Jesus as a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The kindness of this respectable woman, and her consideration to talk and sympathize with two homeless, ragged wanderers

SURPRISED THEM BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE.

for she had turned them out as though they were beggars, but as pictures in possession of souls. At night they went to



the work-house, but that calm face was photographed on their minds, and those words of love and sympathy rang in their ears, and sank deeply into their hearts,—so deeply that time with all its changing scenes would never erase them.

Lying upon a bed in a hospital ward, suffering intensely, was the above-mentioned little girl. Disease had taken hold of the poor frame and had laid her low, and after being nursed and

doctored for some time, hope for her recovery could no longer be entertained, and death was apparently inevitable. "But what matters!" may be asked by some, "she's only a poor, wretched pauper; a misery to herself, and a burden on the nation." But her value was not estimated in that light by that strange, kind woman, who had met her some months before. It was by her kindness and touching words



that she had been led to think of her soul, and as she lay, day after day, getting weaker and weaker, the thought uppermost in her mind—yes! that absorbed her whole attention—was that Jesus, the Son of God, had condescended to die on a cross, between two thieves, so that she might go to heaven. The more she thought, the more mysterious the whole thing became, but at last the Holy Spirit opened her eyes, and after struggling and wrestling with doubts and fears as to whether the great God would save such a sinner as her or not. He came and revealed Himself to her, and then the strange light that lit up the Salvation woman's face lit up her's, and she was enabled, when the summons came, by the grace of God, to face the dark river of death.

WITHOUT A YEAR.

Before going into the presence of the King, she pleaded with her mother to go to the spot where they met the Salvationist, and remain there until she saw her, to tell her that she, too, had found the "Pearl of greatest price," and was gone to dwell eternally with Him in the Celestial City.

Months had passed since the poor girl had been lowered in a pauper's grave, and day after day the broken-hearted, lonely mother could be found near the spot where they met the Salvationist, hoping to see her once again so as to give her the little girl's dying message. At length, after wearily waiting for her little stall, week in and week out, which she had started in

order to earn a livelihood, the Salvationist again made her appearance, and with a heart full of gratitude, and her face

BEAMING WITH JOY,

she delivered the message from her little girl.

It is needless to say that the Salvationist was surprised beyond measure that a little act of hers should have met with such a blessed result. It came to her as a message from God, a little whisper of the Spirit, pointing out to her that on the sometimes

"COMMONPLACE"

happenings in her daily life have the eternal destinies of perishing souls! "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth" can not only refer to the beginnings of evil, but to the little unrecognized doings of a sanctified soul and the blessed influence imparted by those acts to those who surround us.

She felt humbled before God as she thought of her many times she had neglected opportunities such as this one had been, and from a tender heart commended with Him that the



IN our way to Canada, it took me quite a time to get to sleep the first night on board, as the engine house was just by our berth. After a hundred and one thoughts of home, friends, and the various facts of life, of the frailty and the unfaithfulness of the past, then looking into the mysterious future, we at last fell asleep, but were soon aroused by the sudden shutting-off of the steam and the snoring of the machinery. One quipped of the other, "What's up now?" when we felt out that we were in a denso fog and must be near the Irish coast. The captain had ordered the men to take soundings and see what depth of water we were in, and how far we were from the harbor. The snappings was therefore to take soundings.

Here we are, nearing another Christmas; another year has gone, a year's journey towards the eternal future has been taken. To the Christian this is a glorious thought. The sorrow, the tears, the trials, the anxieties of another year are vanishing. Hallelujah! And more than this, there are triumphs and victories, the very thought of which brings blessing and comfort to our souls.

A year ago we sharpened our swords, lightened our armor, looked at the heights to be reached, at the foes to be conquered, then at the promises of God to help us, be with us, and enable us more than conquerors. We started to win, we expected to win and conquer, and

WE HAVE DONE SO!

Now, as we look back, we rejoice God. We were not like the old Yorkshire woman whose friends tried to get her to take her first journey on the train. "No," said the old woman, "it's tempting Providence. God has given me legs to walk with, and if we take a journey to heaven, or leave us, why should we go at this rate? It's awful." At last they prevailed on her to

little word or action likely to help some struggling soul should be seized by her in the future. What a mistake to imagine that because you cannot take a prominent position in the soul-saving world you are hindered from working for the salvation of sinners! You may find, that without seeking after it, hundreds of opportunities in which a little word or act of yours may have an eternal result, and good open some fellow-creature.

Oh! that all who know Him would cultivate this habit of speaking kindly to the poor and suffering, yes, to all men! How much more would be accomplished if good acts and kind words could be reached and consciences aroused, that are untouched by preaching, if this were only done! Good acts and kind words reach where everything else fails, as we readily see by the above simple incident. Who can underestimate the joy experienced by the one who dropped that little seed

INTO THEIR DESPAIRING HEARTS! Eternity alone will reveal the good done thereby.



TAKE SOUNDINGS.

OF MARTIN WIL. BATHIN.

go, but she never expected to reach the place she had booked to attend an accident. The train whistled, it made her jump, it started, she became more nervous, but did not speak until the train rushed into a tunnel. Then she spoke; she said, "I knew it was wrong to start. I said it was late, it was simply Providence."

I AM STRUCK STONE-BLIND,

I can't see one of you."

Hope cheered us on; we had faith in God, faith in our cause, and the testimony of a good conscience; therefore, like Jesus' Israel of old, we stand on the banks of the Red Sea and look back at the vanquished foes of another year and shout "Hallelujah!" but

WE NEED TO TAKE OUR SOUNDINGS!

What depth of water are we sailing in? Are we in deep water or not? We are nearer the harbor than we were, but there are hidden reefs which may wreck us before we reach it and the heaven-appointed landing place. Therefore, take your soundings! Soldiers of the Cross, see where you are! Some of our friends have landed safe during the year. Are we in the proper channel? Is there any fog about it? Take soundings! Look into your own heart. Examine the clock (the Bible). Am we on God's marked-out line—entire trust and confidence in Christ's blood, cleansing us from all sin now? If God help us to be sure about it. Then the unsaved should take bearings. Another year in gulf for ever, and without dispute, you are nearer eternity than ever, and deeper in sin than ever. You will be wrecked and damned sure enough unless you take soundings and turn to destiny very soon. Therefore, let us take our true bearings before we start on another year, for the eternal destiny of thousands

WILL BE IN YOUR HANDS

in a year from now. What shall it be, heaven or hell? Salvation or damnation? Which! Take soundings now.

A COSTLY EVASION.

BY MAJOR LEWIS.



explana-
tion, but
got work
and joined
the Corps.
He devoted
much time
to the band,
but

whilst apparently happy and zealous, he was haunted by the skeleton of neglected opportunities and of direct disobedience to the voice of God.



IF ever a bright future of usefulness seemed to await a young man, it was the morning when Jack Roberts, bidding farewell to father and mother, left home and entered the Household Troops band. From the time he was a little lad he had loved the Army and felt he belonged to it, never so happy as when playing his cornet and helping to attract souls to Christ. Gradually the thought deepened itself into his heart, that he ought himself to become a Cadet, and go fully into the world. A struggle took place in his soul, all kinds of suggestions making themselves felt, until one morning, in a fit of caprice he never could account for, he shouldered his bag, and turned his back on the Congress Hall and the opportunities that awaited him. The mother was astonished to see her lad return. His going away had been so full of promise, gladdening her heart that her boy should work for God and man. Jack volunteered little in the way of

of duty had raised a thick cloud between his soul and God. He married a good Christian girl who had been an officer, but owing to delicate health she had to retire. Things became more and more unsettled, when one morning, owing to a very slight indisposition, Jack, instead of going to his work, went up to London. He felt like one possessed of an evil spirit, and seemed to be in a trance from which he was awakened to find himself at Portsmouth. There he



WELL AN EASY FEET

into the hands of sinners, and from then, his record for the next three and a half years was stained with terrible sin. He joined the navy as a band corporal, and for three years travelled round China, Japan, &c., &c. He would go on shore, and at the risk of his life in some places, he had to come back to the ship in the dead of night, and finish a drunken sleep beneath a table, or perhaps would lie in a paddly field, returning in time for night duties. Many alluring offers were made to him to become bandmaster of worldly bands, but he refused, although he frequently played in them when on shore. Those who know something of the iniquities and sins abounding in these seaport towns abroad, can form an idea of the life Jack led. Meanwhile the poor young wife, and now mother, went through an agonizing experience of uncertainty as to her husband's whereabouts, whilst his parents, heart-broken at their son's awful downfall, left England for Canada, making unceasing prayer for the wanderer's return. After awhile, Jack wrote his wife and regularly sent her money and about eight months ago, returned home.

FREELY PURGATE ALL

and strove to win her husband back to God. Never did they sit down to meal, but out came her Bible and she read him some exhortation to repentance from his pages. But his soul grew blacker and blacker. He got into evil companionship, grew lower and lower into sin, until one night, it flashed across his drunken brain, that the money he had been spending belonged to his employers. Writing a note to the wife, he left that and his overcoat in a saloon and again went to London, from there taking train to R—. In a drunken condition, he wandered into an Army meeting, and on being dealt with about his soul, swooned away. The soldiers and officers saw that an extraordinary conflict waged his soul and provided



him a lodging with soldiers of the Corps. Meanwhile, the poor wife, not receiving the letter he left, and ignorant as to her husband's sin, paced up and down the whole night expecting every moment to hear his returning footsteps. In the morning it dawned across her that

ONCE AGAIN SHE WAS DEFEATED.

She put all the machinery she could into motion in order to track her husband, but failed. But she knew where the human failed, the Divine stopped in. For three days and nights the soldiers at R—, dealt faithfully with Jack. He told them very little, but their interest deepened in him daily, and when I arrived on the Saturday night, they poured into my ears what they knew of his story. He attended nearly every meeting on the Sunday, but it was not until the prayer-meeting that the real conflict took place. Captain T—, who once was stationed at his Corps, dealt lovingly and faithfully with him, until with a load of determination, he rose up and threw himself down at the penitent-form. Weeping bitterly, he immediately sprang to his feet, exclaiming,

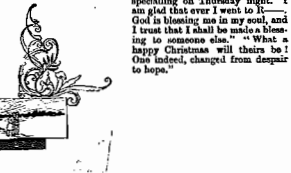
"I CAN'T BELIEVE, IT IS BLACK, NO BLACK!"

We urged him to kneel again and barricaded him in, for we felt if he rushed from that penitent-form unswayed, it would be to certain death. An extraordinary prayer-meeting took place. The atmosphere seemed filled with the power of the Holy Ghost. The conflict was long and awful. But this love of Christ pro-

valled, and finally he surrendered his will to God, as a little child, and determined at all costs to make restitution for the wrong done, dared believe that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleansed his heart from the dark sin-stained past. His few trembling words of testimony melted all hearts. The next day he returned to London, wrote his dear wife and arranged for her to meet him at our International Headquarters, where the scene between them

WAS MOST AFFECTION.

Jack pursued a straight course, confessed his wrong and made arrangements to completely right matters, whilst the brave wife returned alone (she was unwilling for her husband to again encounter his evil companions) to tell the home, and subsequently rejoice her husband. He went back to R—, where he is beginning to get work. In his letter to me he writes, "F— arrived here safe, and the soldiers have been very kind to her. I am going with Major Barritt (brother of Brigadier de Barritt) spelling on Thursday night. I am glad that ever I went to R—. God is blessing me in my soul, and I trust that I shall be made a blessing to someone else." "A happy Christmas will theirs be! One indeed, changed from despair to hope."



The Commandant

with the "Flying Squadron."

The Plan of Campaign for the Flying Squadron is as follows:
THE LATEST ARRANGEMENTS.

December 10th; SHEERBROOK, Thursday, December 14th; RICHMOND, Friday, December 15th; MONTREAL, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, December 16th, 17th, and 18th; MAXVILLE, Tuesday, December 19th; CHESTERVILLE, Wednesday, December 20th; WINCHESTER, Thursday, December 21st; OTTAWA, (Great Social and Drink Demonstration; Mrs. Booth will be present), Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, December 22nd, 23rd, and 24th; KEMURVILLE, Monday, December 25th (Christmas Day); PASADENA, Tuesday, December 26th; GANANQUAN, Wednesday, December 27th; and then on to KINGSBURY, where there is going to be one of the biggest campaigns ever conducted in that city. Over 150 Staff and Field Officers are expected. The campaign opens on Monday night with a reception meeting to the officers. Wednesday night with a reception meeting to the officers. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, December 28th, 29th, and 30th, Officers' Councils, morning and afternoon, and at night, Salvation for Saint and Sinner. Sunday, December 31st, the last day in 1893, is to be spent in a real desperate attack on the forces of darkness. Morning, Holiness Convention. Afternoon, Address on the Social and Drink Question. Night, Salvation. Mrs. Booth will be present at those meetings. Monday, January 1st, Great

Musical Festival at night, followed by an All-Night of Prayer. From Kingston the Squadron journeys on to DEARBORN for Wednesday, January 3rd; BELLVILLE, Thursday, January 4th; BARKTON, Friday, January 5th; CAMPBELLFORD, Saturday and Sunday, January 6th and 7th; NORWOOD, Monday, January 8th; PETERBORO, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 9th and 10th; MILLBROOK, Thursday, January 11th; QUEBEC, Friday, January 12th; and LANSBURY, for Saturday and Sunday, January 13th and 14th. At LANSBURY the Squadron leaves the Eastern Ontario Province and proceeds to Brigadier Holland's territory, but of the tour in that part of the battledist, more later. Every officer and soldier should pray for special times of victory at these meetings.

Arrangements are being made for sleighs to be used as a means of locomotion for the Squadron from place to place. Over 250 miles will be covered in this way. This on the one hand will save expense, and on the other tend to make the visit a means of financial assistance as well as a spiritual blessing. The Commandant will leave the party at Montreal under the command of Brigadier Scott, assisted by Adjutant Jewer, in order to hold great demonstrations in Hamilton on Monday, December 18th, and Toronto on Thursday, December 21st, on the Drink Question.

THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE;

Or, "Who Bids For the Children?"

*Not children of color in slave days,
These snatched by the auction stand,
But children of every nation,
Children of Omnipotent hand.
'Tis bid! we bid for the children!
On behalf of the Kingdom of Light,
From the stern shore of the templer
We sell them out from the night.*



IAS: for those little feet still "pacing life's dark journey through;" not from Africa's barren sand, nor from India's sultry plain; not the Hindoo infant tossed to the jaws of the crocodile, but the small white slaves who are sacrificed to the vice and shame of the city: the victims of the whiskey-drift.

It came into the heart of the War-Cor reporter to see how the little ones fared in the Shelter.

The newspaper said the winter was going to be cold. We thought quite likely the newspaper might be right. But it said the winter was going to begin next day, and sure enough it did begin.

It was Sunday morning. Snow, snow everywhere. Snow on the house-top, snow in the street. Snow to drift in your face, snow to cover your feet. Snow to darken the daylight, snow to muffle all sound. Snow to rival all whiteness. Nothing to be heard but the solemn church-bell and the scraping of the snow-shovel. Nothing to be seen but a few church-goers hurrying past, swathed in their furs and wraps. A few snow-berries clinging to the shrubs, that before had gleamed with soft purpleness against the green leaves, now were

NOTHING BUT A BUSTY BROWN

by courtesy, at best, in contrast with the rising drifts. Dashed through the gloom and silence of the storm we ploughed and ploughed, thinking many things. These comical little mortals at the Shelter, would they remember? Ourselves, by by, especially, amongst the crowd. How he used to giggle with his two orange and cream and coo, and tell out all his 'baby story'! Little Bobby! Somehow he always suggested that beautiful Sicilian Madonna. His hands and feet were the very counterpart of the Child-Christ!

In the Shelter all was warm and cozy with the thrill of light and life. The nurse's merry with children, the doctor scattered with toys, the walls all gay with pictures.

"Dot where is B-baby?" we asked Ensign Williams.

"Ah, poor little fellow! he was buried yesterday." He suffered and failed so rapidly. The doctor said nothing could be done.

WE WERE UP FOUR NIGHTS WITH HIM.

He wanted us to sing to him all the time.

"His mother—was she much out up when she heard it?"

"Well, yes—no. She was and she wasn't, if you can understand. Of course she missed him, and at the same time it must be a relief to a girl like that. She said he must grow up and rough it with her; it would have been roughing it, too."

So the pictures-baby was an angel-baby now. No time for a small white corpse and the snowy wreaths of a stately funeral. The living claimed all his help. Determined little hands were tugging at our skirts, and eager faces pleading to be noticed.

"But, see," continued Ensign, "you have quite a number of new ones. You know we have been collecting the premiums."

We can take nearly double the number now. We have been kept pretty busy you can guess. Just imagine, every week two

days' washing and two days' ironing, beside fifteen rooms to keep swept and dusted, two furnaces to be kept going, and the cooking, sewing, mending, and basking and feeding all the little ones.

"It must be very difficult among the applications to know which to select!"

"Of course we have to be careful to take only the deserving cases. There are some Mrs. Booth would not admit."

UNDER ASY CHURCHMANSHIP.

We don't want to make it easy for people to sin."

"No, indeed. Who is this sad-faced boy, with the far-away look in his blue eyes?"

"That's Donald. He is the child of one of our rescue girls. He is in service, and pays a trifle for him. But we are afraid he is not very bright."

"What's the matter with that little rogue with the twinkle in his eye?"

"Oh, he's the biggest little sinner we've got among the whole crew. He is just as passionate as he can be. Here, Billy, old man, come and shake hands."

We picked up Master Billy cautiously; he took it with the gentleness of a young lamb, and

SHAKING HIMSELF TOGETHER

as meekly in our arms as if butter would not melt in his innocent mouth.

"His father disappeared; then his mother died, and the poor orphan was left to the tender mercies of some woman who ill-treated him, left him out in the frost, and handled him pretty roughly."

"It's a good thing for you, Billy, my boy, that there's a Children's Shelter."

thought, as we set him down on his feet, but to our surprise, with a wild and piercing yell of anguish he sank to the ground in impotence of despair. There was really something quite impressive in the absolute terror of the little attitude he assumed.

"There," said Ensign, "that's the way he carries on. He

did not want to be put down. That's just the 'old man' showing."

"See Jack there," she continued, as soon as peace was restored, and pointing to a lovely child with curved cheeks truly flushed and studded with golden curls. His poor mother is a really nice woman; for years she struggled on with her husband—a terrible drunken fellow—then he was sentenced to five years in jail, and there

was nothing for her but to go out to service. We have several of her little ones for a time. She is able to pay partly for them. We have two Dollys now. When 'Big Pollio' was ill, Big Pollio she said, 'Why, I used to know that baby; her mother is an old drunken woman, she used to

SLEEP OUT ON HIGH-STREETS,

and feed her on whiskey, and sometimes the neighbors gave her a drop of milk.' But the mother deserted her, so they fell in the property of the Army, and we hope to get her adopted. We have had quite a few adopted little ones of the year, since Mrs. Booth opened the new Shelter. It is so good to know they are in comfortable, God-fearing homes, instead of in the streets, training for the jail and misery."

"Here's our lousy Rhio; isn't she growing, and isn't she improved from the melancholy child she used to be? There is Maggie, too; bless her!"

"It is so comical to hear the way they pray about things. Frank is

PRAYING HARD FOR A NEW PAIR OF PANTS.

He has been praying a long time, but he intends to keep on till they come."

"Russell, tell me what you are asking the Lord to send you?"

"Meat, origin," was the reply, with a pathetic little lip. The Cay reporter ventured to nuzzle him, with his mouth-organ would surely come along this Christmas from somewhere.

Another child was fervently praying for a pair of buttoned boots. His small toes were peeping through the split leather of his well-worn shoes.

"It's very difficult to know how to keep them all in shoes and stockings; they run about and wear them out in spite of all we do. If people know how badly we need them I am sure they would send us their own little old half-worn and out-grown shoe-leather!"

"Is there anything else you are pinched for? What do you have most sent in?"

"Well, Mother Florence brings meat and bread often, and Christie, Brown's, are very good to us with biscuits. I don't know what we would have done without them."

"But, oh, if we could get a few more potatoes and meal and flour, and always all milk—they need so much milk! So many little mouths to be filled the whole year round. So many little frazzled to be warmed and clothed and fed."

Many more stories were told of young mothers helped to their feet, and suffering childhood comforted since last Christmas. Too many to tell, and

TOO PATHETIC TO WRITE.

An illustration was by Mr. Stead when he was in Toronto runs in the rough draft something in this way:

"Supposing you lived in Canada, and you had some children you were very virtuous to have well educated. Supposing you had friends in England, who had always made great professions of affection for you. Supposing you trusted your children to their care. These friends loved you so much that every day they held services in honor of you, singing your praises with enthusiasm. Meanwhile they looked after the brightest and most tractable of your children, educated and cared for them, but the dull ones and the uninteresting ones they left to run the streets entirely neglected and uncared for."

"Suppose you and I were to go to the streets and look for just as they should be, in spite of the letters full of expressions of devotion your friends sent you. Then you went to see. First you saw four children. Some are brought you—the bright ones and the quick ones."

"BUT WHO ARE THE REST?"

you ask. Well, it turns out one has been run over by the street cars, one has got into mischief and got picked up; another cannot read or write, and so on. Then your friends put in the beautiful letters they have written, and the prices they have sent in your name."

"What do I care for your rotten letters?" you thunder.

"Find me six children! I'll send them to you! ALL my children!"

"Would you like such friends?"

"And is it any different with the Son of Man. Who came to seek and to save that which is lost? Do you think He came so much about Himself that He takes pleasure in your humming-and-ing while you are leaving His little ones to perish and starve, or grow up in haunts of vice, for all the effort you put forth to do them good?"

For the sake of the Christ whose cradle was the manger, and to whom the wise men brought their gifts, don't let the innocent lives be picked and crippled for want of the help that you might be enriched in giving.



A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER.

BY CAPTAIN J.

In the midst of your Christmas-plenty

Lift up your heart in prayer

To God Who to you hath given

Such proofs of His love and care.

And may as the cry goes forward,

"The believers are so few

And great indeed is the harvest,"

"Lord, what couldst Thou have we do?"

We plead for our "Children's Shelter,"

Where we're seeking to gather in,

And bring for the Kingdom of Heaven

The helpless victims of sin.

For the sake of Bethlehem's Infants

Let us on our mission of love

In fitting our "Nobody's darlings

For the Kingdom of God above.

CHRISTMAS SINGING.

BY THE GENERAL.



CHRISTMAS-TIME is famed for song. I do not

know whether there is any extra singing in heaven. There may be. Possibly the earthly birthday of the Son of God is celebrated with extra melody and music amongst the saints of light in His own eternal home. Anyway, the return of the day on which the Christian world celebrates the advent to earth of the Son of God, is an especial period of song. Saints and sinners sing. Everybody sings. Hallelujah! Everybody ought to sing.

THE CHILDREN OF THIS WORLD SING.

Round their laden tables, by their cosy fireplaces, in their houses of amusement and their family gatherings, they try to brighten their assemblies and lighten their hearts by singing. They sing in their rebellion against God, while manufacturing tears and miseries for themselves and their neighbours; they sing on their way to the bottomless abyss, where there will be no more song; they sing without thought or reason, or rather, with abundant reason why they should not sing; they sing of stars and the mountains, of flowers and human loves and hatreds, of peace and of war, of anything comic or tragic, sensible or silly, which happens to come up at the time.

Or, stranger still, the neglectors and rejectors and crucifiers of the Son of God sing of the blessing and love and mercy that they despise and trample under foot.

THE SAINTS SING AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

They sing the story of His coming. "Christ was born at Bethlehem," echoes and re-echoes round the Christian world; they sing about the blessings that His condescension, life, suffering, and death brought to man. The rich and poor, nobility and peasantry, all sing. The old people sing and the children. They sing in the churches in the barracks, in the streets, early and late, in tune and out of tune; everybody sings at Christmas-time.

Christmas singing was invented something like two thousand years ago. The inhabitants of heaven led the way. They came down from their blessed home of song, and sang the first Christmas song in mid-air, on the plains of Bethlehem with the awe-struck shepherds all but paralysed with the mystery and ecstasy of the song.

There was something about the singing of that heavenly host that is intensely interesting to us down to this distant date. There was something peculiarly interesting about the

MEMBERS THEMSELVES.

These are generally expected to have been the unfaithful, sinners angels of God, those who only knew about our poor world and its needs by such information as came to them second-hand, or from their association with the jacks on the strands on which

they had been sent to the earth.

I am not sure of this. I would rather think otherwise. Why should they not have been the best of spirits of men and women made perfect, who, safely landed themselves, continued, of necessity, to feel the deepest interest in the spiritual progress of their own race? May we not reasonably suppose that amongst the heavenly crowd which rallied round Gabriel, or whoever it might be who made the announcement of the Messiah's advent, there might have been some of those hoary patriarchs and prophets who must, from the nature of things, have been more interested in the occurrence than any of the pure natives of heaven could possibly be? What is there to prevent us supposing that Adam and Eve were there? And, if so, we can easily understand with what rapture they joined in the chorus that sounded over those plains. And why should we doubt also whether or no Abel, and Noah, and Abraham, and Samuel, and David, and Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Job, and Daniel, and multitudes more joined in that chorus with loud and triumphant voices? I think it possible—very probable that it was so.

That they were pleased and delighted with the announcement, goes without saying. That they would enjoy the excursion and make the heavens ring with their hallelujah shouting, we can also readily believe, after waiting all these hundreds of years for the fulfilment of the prophecies which they had either made or listened to. Was it not glorious that the fulfilment at last was in sight?

Devils had never believed this prophecy of the coming of the Son of God. The chief devil did not recognise Him when He did appear. The deliverance promised could not be—it was too marvellous to be over-trusted into fact.

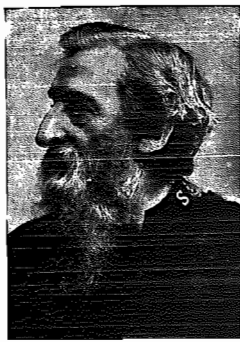
Angels had all but doubted—had whispered that it was too good to come to pass. Now, however, the Messiah was actually come. They had seen Him leave heaven in grand procession with all the pomp and grandeur that the Celestial City could produce, for there is no reason to believe that His humiliation commenced prior to His incarnation.

They had been to Bethlehem, and all unperceived, had worshipped round Him, in that baby form, not strange to them, but strange to Him, and now they had come to herald the public announcement of His coming to the wide, wide world; and you can readily imagine the energy with which they joined in that grand

HALLELUJAH CHRISTMAS CHORUS

in the wondering ears of the wondering shepherds on that first Christmas morning. They sang, "Glory to God, and pardon, peace, and purity, and paradise for man," and the saints have sung, "Glory to God in the highest, and salvation for man," ever since.

Now, do you sing a Christmas song? What is your song



THE GENERAL.

about? What reason have you to sing? One says, "I sing because Jesus has come." Good! A worthy theme indeed. No doubt it would constitute the occasion for singing in many worlds—in one, at least—the world where His glory will be displayed so long as eternal ages shall endure.

I say this, the coming of Jesus Christ into the world to save sinners is, in itself, a worthy subject for song. But that is not enough for you. The coming of Jesus is, alas! a cause of the greatest misery to multitudes for whom He came and died. Better to them that He had never been born in Bethlehem, never walked the earth in sorrow, never poured forth His blood on their behalf, never gone up and sat on His intercessory throne at His Father's right hand. (Oh, this of the souls in hell for whom His precious life was offered on the accursed tree!) The memory of His coming is the bitterest gall and wormwood that they have to drink.

Another says, "I sing my Christmas song because the Lord Christ has come to my heart." The blessed virgin sang a triumphant song because He had come to her; millions receiving the same Jesus into their souls have sung:

"Oh, let a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

So, if He has come to you bringing the assurance of His Father's love, that your sins which were many, have all been forgiven, you can sing, "I was dead, but am alive again; I was lost, but I am found."

You may well sing; because, having come to your heart, He has brought with Him blessings beyond calculation for number and value. He has come delivering you from the power of the devil. He is no longer your master. He has come setting you free from the evils of your own nature. He has come to purify

and sweeten your heart, and to inspire your soul with a beautiful loving Spirit of God Himself. Nay, Christ Himself has come to dwell within you, to be formed in your heart the Hope of Glory. So that it shall no longer be you who live, but Christ who liveth in you. So that the life that you now live shall be a life of faith on the Son of God, Who loved you, and gave Himself for you.

Sing because He has come to you to make you a saviour of mankind, to weep through your eyes over the sins and miseries of man, to labor with your lips and hands, and feet, and brain, and hear for the salvation of the world, to help you to carry a cross somewhat similar to His own, so that you may have a victory like His, and sit down on His throne even as He has overcome and sat down on His Father's throne.

Be sure, my beloved Canadian comrades, that you have this good reason to sing! And then, loud and hearty and long-continued let your singing be. Swell the rapturous songs of your comrades in the barracks, fill the houses where you live with song, fill the hearts of the poor, sinful thousands around you with singing, fill Canada with singing, and be sure you keep on singing, not only at Christmas-time, but all other times! Sing in the dark hours of temptation, and the sorrowful seasons of affliction and suffering! Sing around the dying beds of your comrades! Sing the promise of resurrection at their graves! Fill the year, yes, all the years, with Christmas singing! Sing even unto the end; no, not till the end, for if this singing-salvation by your experience, the end of your singing shall never come, for you shall sing down to the last hours of earth, and the last echo of your earthly song shall be all mixed up with the singing of the angels, who shall come to bear you away to join the everlasting song in the everlasting city of song!

SIN'S ANTIDOTE.

BY BENJAMIN HODGKIN.

Oh, happy Christmas morn, when saints and angels sang,
"Glory to Him Who bringeth peace and hope to fallen man."

Depair was once his state, no one their help could give,
Until the blessed Son of God came down that he might live.

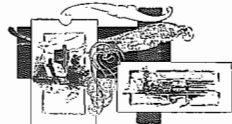
The wise men journeyed far until the Christ they found,
In lonely stable sheltered, with cold poverty around.

I'll live for others' good, self daily I'll deny,
And after having suffered here I'll reign with Him on high.

"Is this the nation's King?" methinks I hear them say:
"No pomp, no show, no mansion rich!" He in a manger lay.

Heaven's riches He had left, where wealth was all unknown,
To share with ours our poverty and raise us to a throne.

What offering can I bring, for sacrifice like this?
I have no gold, no frankincense, but all I have is His.



A LOST SOUL; OR, How we Gained Two Officers.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN MILFORD.

DESPAIR.

HE is a good speaker, but, you know, I can't believe what he said about the Bible. Why, says, he said Jesus Christ was no better than any other good man." So saying, Sadie's blue eyes opened wide with surprise at the thought, for it had not been suggested to her mind before.

Sadie's father—an infidel—had taken his daughter to hear a lecturer entitled, "The Mistakes of the Bible." She had recently given her heart to Jesus, and become a Christian, and he hoped by this means to overthrow her faith. With a real and perseverance worthy of a better cause, he had tried repeatedly to do this before. He offered to pay for dancing lessons if she would consent to attend a dancing academy; money, so dear to the heart of the average girl, and other allurement, the misguided man also held out as bribes to entice the poor child into the fashionable follies of the world, but having failed, he would now introduce into her soul the subtle poison of infidelity. He would call in the aid of others to help wrest from his daughter the one hope given by kind heaven to perishing sinners, and leave her a RUDELESS WRECK, to be cast on the rocks of despair.

In this frame of mind, taking up the thread of the conversation as they walked homeward, the father replied: "Well, Sadie, what of it? You are old enough to understand, and it is all consistent to believe that a man can live all of his life in wickedness, and then at last, by repentance and belief in something he can have no understanding of, be saved and go to heaven. That is all a superstition of the past, and no one of any intelligence believes it now. I am no coward, and never intend to be one, and when I am willing to face the consequences, and I don't want anyone to assume the responsibility of my life."

Poor Sadie, stunned by such talk, and frightened as much by her father's manner as by his words, could only say, "I like God's way best, papa, and I wish you did," and go home and shed bitter tears. Sadie did not know that many years before the Holy Spirit had convicted her father of sin, and had given him the opportunity, which at some period comes to every soul, to get saved; but, alas! although he realized the danger, he postponed the day of salvation to a more convenient time, provoked the Dove of Peace away, and hardened his heart beyond

THE POSSIBILITY OF REPENTANCE.

A few nights following the conversation detailed above, Mr. W. returned from his office complaining of not feeling well, and retired early. About midnight the family were awakened by a strange sound. Listening intently, they heard the scream of a strong man, who was shaken by a strong sound. Sadie, badly frightened, rushed to her father's room, to be met by a sight which almost paralyzed her. A lamp burned dimly on the table, and by its light she saw her father sitting up in bed, his arms extended, his eyes fixed, and staring in horror at something imperceptibly near him. His face was livid, and great drops of perspiration stood on his brow. Uttering another scream, the death-rattle sound of in his throat, and the soul of the proud Christ-rejector passed from earth and hope to the black realm of everlasting despair.

Over the confined remains, words of comfort and consolation were spoken; the dear departed was represented as being at rest, and the assembled company urged to meet him in the abode of the blessed—this land where sorrow never comes and God wipes away all tears. This talk was clothed in the usual strain of sentimental gush, so common at funerals, where sermonizers glibly recite the virtues of dead whose only virtuous deed was that of dying and relieving the world of their presence.

Poor Sadie, as she listened in bitterness of heart to this



hypocritical cant, and remembering her father's conversation of only a few days before his decease, felt that she must cry out, "It is a LIE—prepare to meet thy God!"

HOPE.

FIVE years passed away, but whether on the busy streets, among friends, or in the deep silence of the night, the horrible death-scene in her father's bedroom never haunted Sadie, and that face and that cry would come back to her out of the very mouth of hell.

Grief for her father's fate availed nothing, for he had created the bounds of hope, but, learning a lesson from his sad end, Sadie determined to spend the days God permitted her to live on earth in His service. She could do nothing now for

her father, but she would use her every power to warn the wicked to flee from the wrath to come; she would bid them seek the Saviour in this their day of hope; she would speak and be open, pointing other fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers to "the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sins of the world."

For a year or more Sadie has been a Salvation Army officer, fighting bravely for Jesus, and is now stationed in the far-away State of Washington, and sometimes when the California mail arrives, it brings a letter from an only sister, who also rejoices in the possession of eternal life through the merits of Christ's blood, and as a Salvation Army officer, too, is spending her strength bidding the perishing to repent of their sins and look to Jesus.

IN WHICH ALONE THERE IS HOPE.

A POEM, by OUR NEW EDITOR.

Excellence of Character for Permanence of Work.

*This is My Will, - that thy work should abide,
Not wood, hay, stubble, should be;
But silver & gold, that will glitter again
Thro' the purgatorial fire for thee.
Every man's work shall be tried by fire
Thine too, must bear the test
Wouldst thou see thy work abide -
Make thyself best of the best.*



*Believe me,
Yours affectionately
John Tompkins,*

Tales of the Sea

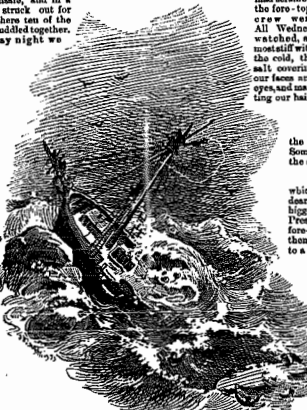
1. Despair.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN FRIEDRICH.

NO SIR! When I think of the wreck of the "Indian Chief," and try to speak of the brave life boat crew which rescued us, a leap rises in my throat, for words can not describe the bravery of those men. It seems too sacred to speak of. We were twenty-nine souls on board, bound for Yokohama. Before we could pass the shoals it grew dark, and the sharp gale

INCREASED TO A HURRICANE.

This was Tuesday night. We made a big fare on board, and the Sunb light-ship answered by rockets. This gave us a feeling of hope. The waves soon washed the deck clear, and with sickening hearts we heard, all night long, piece by piece breaking away. In the morning we sighted what we thought was the lifeboat, but afterwards we learned it was the schooner that went to fetch the life-boat crew. The Captain sang out to us to lash ourselves to the mizen-mast, and seventeen made for it. He gave me his watch and a sacred message, and shook hands with me. All at once a feeling seized me as if the mizen-mast was unsafe, and in a I struck out for where ten of the huddled together. day night we



2. Hope.

"There she is!" cried young Cooper, who was the first man to take to leeward when the morning light had only just broken. We had heard the news of a vessel being on the sands, and leaving Hango in the preceding afternoon, we had to lay all night in a foaming sea waiting for daybreak. All of our party dressed in oil-skins, sea-boots, and life-boats.

"There she is!"

cried young Cooper, like a madman, pointing to one single mast, sticking out like a spider's line, about three miles off. Yes, it was the mast we had been waiting all night to see. But, oh, sir! the sea was rough, and the waves rising; for where we were were deepish water, and the water on it was running in fury all sorts of ways—rushing up into columns of foam as high as a ship's main-mast, and thundering loudly that, though we were to windward, we could hear it above the gale and the boiling of the sea around us. It might have struck any man that wanted to die to look at it, if he did not know what was "Bradford" could go through.

"Let slip the tow-ropes! 'Up fore sail!' I shouted, and five minutes after we had sighted the mast we were down before the sea.

It was well that we kept our eyes on the mast in front of us, or the sight of the waves might have played "old Harry" with weak nerves. Some of them came with such force that they leaped right over the boat, the air was dark with water flying a dozen yards high over us.

IN NORTH WINDS.

which fell like the explosion of a gun a dozen fathoms ahead. We held our dear life. Every thought was on the mast, that grew bigger and bigger, and the waters were flying over it as white as milk. Presently we spied ten or so hands huddled together on the fore-top. We dropped anchor, saw the poor fellows unhooking themselves, and called out to them to bind a piece of wood to a line and throw it overboard to us. Seventeen of the crew were drowned, and their bodies were knocking about the spar. The remaining eleven did not scramble for the life-boat, as you may expect, but two of them went and opened the second mate, who appeared a raving maniac, and died an hour or so later on.

"We saved eleven men, who are all doing well. I know in my heart that from the hour of leaving Hango Harbor to the moment when we sighted the wreck's mast, there was

ONLY ONE THOUGHT

in all of us, and that was that the Almighty would give us the strength and direct us how to save the lives of the poor fellows to whose assistance we had been sent. We had set out to save them, and meant doing it at all cost."

Night came and no life-boat. The men kept flying from the "Sunb" to us, as our only way known, but we did not heed them now—we all expected death. During the night the mizen-mast fell with a terrible sound of splintering timber, and a fearful yell of the crew, who had looked through to it. Our hearts turned sick, and I felt as if reason would give way. At the early dawn one of the men sighted the life-boat coming toward us. That night almost set us crazy with joy. The next moment we had hope. She could never face that broken water! But she did not agree one hair's breadth. Her crew sat there like crows, the man at the helm looking at us with a face of iron.

So far goes the first mate's story. The following is told by the coxswain of the life-boat crew:—

What a grand wind-up sentence, and what a lesson it is to us. "I don't!" Do we, in the first place, have sufficient life-boats to sink into the sea of despair to bring holy to sin-bound souls? To realize the urgent need of help in the same manner as the life-boat crew did! They did not throw themselves on the shore, crying for God to save us! They calmly and courageously set to work to save the ship. They prayed with their muscles, nerves, mind, and courage, and their very thoughts, being bent only on the rescue of the sin-bound men, led them

TO FORGET THEIR OWN HUMANITY.

Comradon, let us pray in the same manner, and our prayers will be answered!

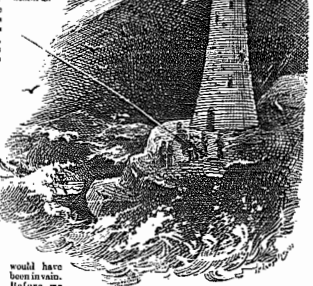
"A fleet of about forty sails of West Indian men witnessed a terrible catastrophe at sea. The "Georgian" took fire during the night, and a short time one side of her was enveloped in flames. The nearest vessel got out the large cutter, and we jumped into it and made for the "Georgian." A dazzling glare was cast around the sea, and the shrieks of the helpless wretches on board the burning ship were fearful as they reached us, now clear and distinct, and then again lost faintly, as if by the howling of the blast. On reaching the transport, in heavy sea, we hastily received the poor wretches. Some of the men, perfectly insensible, had to be wrapped in blankets and carried by ropes. We deposited the rescued into the nearest Indian ship, and when we returned the third time we found the captain and a dozen men still working like horses on deck, totally heedless of their danger. Mass after mass of burning rigging came thundering down on deck from aloft, but was immediately hove overboard with muskets, or extinguished by the bucketful of water that were constantly dashed over them. But all in vain—the flames grew fiercer than ever, and the gale was rising. Not until all were in the transport, was gone would the brave Captain get to the deck. "You will bear witness, sir, I have done my duty to the last," were his last words. In an hour again he lay in the water, and his hands to his eyes, he covered his face with his hands to hide his emotion.

We wept several times being wrapped in the attempt to reach our ship, as the gale was blowing now with fury. Hardly had we got on board when suddenly a woman with pallid features and her disheveled hair streaming in the wind and herself at the feet of the captain, crying, "My hair, my hair! Give ye the hearts o' men, ye'll save me bairn I and thank his head—then at the burning wreck, and at last at the wretched at his feet."

"Volunteers for the wreck!" he shouted, in a voice like a lion. "Up myself," he added, turning to the chief mate.

"Not while there are six officers in the ship," replied the old salt. A moment the harbor cutter was cleared and lowered, named by chief mate, myself, and five others. The sea was fearfully heavy. Two of the Indians were fired on us, and above two hundred voices shouted, "Give way, my fine fellows! For your lives, give

way!" We saw the form of the trembling mother bending over the hammock, and we heard her voice, piercing the roaring of the gale, in a tone I shall not forget to my dying hour, "Bless ye, bless ye! The Father of the fatherless preserve ye in His mercy! And had not a mightier Hand been stretched forth upon the waters, the poor souls would be lost!"



would have been in vain. As we reached the burning ship the main-top fell crashing on the deck, spreading the lantern rapidly. O'Keeffe volunteered to board the ship, and I agreed to follow him. He kicked up his shoes, while mine had to be cut off to follow him. He caught a spring we caught hold of ropes, and in a few seconds were on deck. In the excitement we had overlooked to ask where we could find the child. Luckily, we copied it under the lee of one of the catheads, where it had been left. The baby, wrapped in a blanket, unharmed and soundly sleeping amidst the roaring gale. Searching, I jumped, nearly being searched, and the Indians followed suit. The cutter picked us all up safely.

Now we got near the Indians in still a mystery to me. Our boat was half full of water. After great exertion we caught hold of a rope which the Captain had thrown out to us, and finally had the satisfaction of hauling to the overjoyed mother her rescued babe.

Do you hear the cry of despairing mothers! Their children are in danger of the blasts of hell! There is room in the life-boat! "The will counter for the wreck!"



HER FORTUNE IN DANGER.

A CALL FOR BRAVERY.

BY ELSBIE FAITH.

REMEMBER the incident so well, it happened a few years ago while stationed at B—. Being holiday-time, several strangers from surrounding places were in our little town, and all was the scene of unusual stir and activity. The Army that day had put forth a special effort to remind careless pleasure-seekers that the "fashion of this world passeth away," and that very soon the chance to secure eternal satisfaction and joy

WOULD BE MINE.

and had earnestly urged every listener to "get ready for His coming back again," and now in the little interval were praying that God would by His Spirit arouse every banished soul to a sense of their awful danger in rejecting Jesus.

Suddenly the fire-bell startled everybody. Its quick impatient peals were very

and holding on tightly to it, the owner soon left the scene of destruction and wreckage.

I had an opportunity, after a few minutes, to converse with her, and while expressing my sympathy, reminded her she still had much cause for thankfulness.

"Yes, it isn't all gone, I hope to get on all right with what is saved."

Kind friends came to her help, adding a little more, and by carefully laying out the whole, in a few months she had quite regained her footing, and was really very little worse off than before the fire. But how different things would have been had not the fireman

HARKED HIS LIFE

in securing her money! And, ah, how different my life would have been had Jesus withheld His life, kept back His love and light, and let me live and perish in my sins! But, no, hallelujah! He went through it all, never holding back, and safely secured my pardon, bless His name! Worth more than all the world's boasted treasures, in the possession of His smile and love in our hearts. *Believing, deep, true, eternal, the outcome of His pure, practical love. I enjoy so many of them. The pure!* If not, just note in His hands, waiting for you, are

THICKEN SHITS AND HEAVENLY TREASURES,

which never fade away, but grow brighter and more beautiful.

Will you take them, *claim them as your very own!* If you do, you will prove that darkness and despondency shall be changed to glorious light and hope.

soon followed by the panting horses and fire engines, who eagerly rushed to the burning building. We were soon watching the cruel, relentless flames, which spread with such awful rapidity. I shall ever remember the anxious face of the owner of one of the houses, and her frantic endeavors to secure some of her treasures. For years she had lived in that spot, and had spent all her time and thought on her home, and had succeeded very well; but now, oh, the anguish of hearing crackling wood, and to know in that blinding smoke everything was perishing. Nothing could ever replace them, and then, in addition, to feel that somewhere there, perhaps sharing the same fate, was her cash box with

THE ACCUMULATED SAVINGS OF YEARS.

How eagerly she watched the brave fireman who, following her oxidized directions, had disappeared in quest of her money. Such a moment of anxiety! What *despair* if he came empty-handed! Everything lost! But presently he re-appeared carrying in his hand something which soon changed the look on the old lady's face. Yes, oh, yes, there it was all safe and sound, just exactly how her careful hands had last placed it,

What is more delightful than to live in a constant expectation of Hope, especially when it is a certain Hope! To the Christ-follower, a Christmas comes with very pleasant feelings of real thankfulness to God for sending to our rescue His only Son. He changed our despairing spirits to those of hopefulness, the chains of despair, sin, being destroyed by the power of His Christmas gift to mankind, Jesus. Oh! that every unawakened reader of these lines would let go the paltry things of this fading world and grasp the only hope for time and eternity. Jesus Christ is at your command. Accept Him now. He looks upon Himself your nature in order to save you. Let Him do it.

A MAN OVERBOARD.

Spiritual Shipwrecks.

BY "ANITA."

WE cannot for a moment gaze upon the illustration in the centre of this page without feelings of sympathy for that brave portion of the community who spend their life and time upon the great deep.

How many of my readers may have sung with the writer of this article the following lines, amidst circumstances and surroundings which have solemnized every heart and made power of God.

Everest Father, strong to save,
Whose arms dash down the reddest wave,
Who leads the tiny vessel down deep,
Oh, bear us when we cry to Thee,
For there is peril on the sea.

And truly would unite in thinking that there is nothing more terrible and awful than a real storm at sea. True, we are told how often we are tempted to look upon them as an unqualified evil! Still nothing can be truer than that tempests are the proper means of purifying the atmosphere, and to see the usefulness of this we have only to pay attention even to the general state of weather previous to a storm on dry land. What thick, unwholesome mists, rainy, gloomy, and cloudy days have some countries to experience. Now, storms are generally designed to dispel those noxious vapors and to remove them from us, and this is doubtless one of the great benefits which we derive from them.

The universe is governed by the same law as man, who is not improperly called a little world. Our health consists in a great measure in the agitation and mixing of the various humors, which, without this, would soon cause corruption, illness, and decay. And it has undeniably been proved that without the agitation, which storms and winds produce, the atmosphere would become injurious both to earth and animal life, and it is inconceivably acknowledged that gentle, light winds will not often effect this purpose, but storms and tempests which collect vapors from different countries, form one mass of the whole, which is corrected the one by the other. And at sea storms are more useful still. The absence of them would produce a stoniness of feeling which would not only cause the death of the innumerable shoals of fish that live in it, but would also be injurious to those who sail upon it.

NOTION IN THE SOUL OF UNIVERSAL NATURE.

It preserves everything in order and prevents destruction. Let us then, therefore, ever remember and recognize the goodness

and wisdom of God amidst the storm, and cease to look upon them as being altogether destructive scourges and instruments of Divine vengeance.

We say then that motion is necessary, stagnation is deadly, and that nothing but storms can often produce the effect which is not only desirable but absolutely necessary. And how true is this in the moral and spiritual world. People enter quiescence, peace—often at the sacrifice of principle—utility and holiness. "Peace! Peace!" cried the enemies of a pure, unsullied Christianity, as Luther thundered at the church doors and nailed up his theses and denounced the Papal Bull.

"Peace! Peace!" cried the friends of a lukewarm, Christless, hopeless Christianity as Wesley and his lieutenants rushed from one end of the kingdom to the other, producing riot, commotion, revolution, storms, and reformation. "Let us alone!" cried out the evil spirit of old in the presence of Christ.

"What have we to do with Thee!" "Quietness! Quietness!" have cried tens of thousands of persons, and many of them have professedly God's people.

Crystals have sounded down the street, emptying the saloons and

MAKING IT DIFFICULT

for people to go to hell. One of the greatest compliments that the Salvation Army receives has lately been paid by the secular press to these comrades in Germany. It states that our brave soldiers though small in number, make enough noise for 40,000 people.

Glancing for a moment, no far as space will allow,

at the illustration above, we immediately notice one or two features of that storm scene.

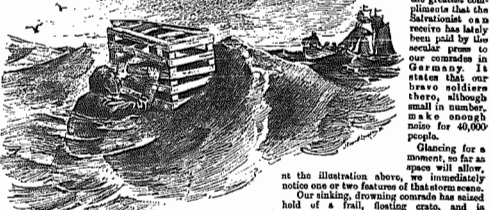
Our sinking, drowning comrade has seized hold of a frail, floating crato, and is holding on with all the tenacity, and power, and energy he possesses. In the slumber of a life-long he makes use of the nearest thing at hand, and, depend upon it, when rescued and brought to shore by that vessel that has come in sight, he will just have as much regard for that rough, rude piece of wood that kept him afloat and saved him as he would have had for the newest and latest patented Edison life-buoy. The soul truly awakened to a sense of danger, whether that danger be moral or spiritual, will naturally

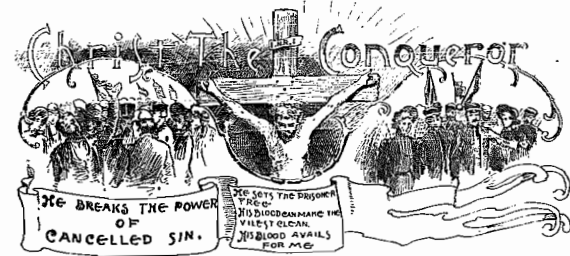
VALUE THE MEANS OF SALVATION.

so far as it helps him to effect his purpose.

How many men, who in their youth have been able to "spot their thousands of dollars, have been found at Army penitentiaries, the storms and contrary winds of an evil world having brought them to a state of destitution in both body and soul!

When by the dreadful tempest blown,
With in the broken wave,
We know them not and show in haste,
Nor impatient to save.





BY STAFF-CAPTAIN A. READ, NEWFOUNDLAND.

MR. READ has just entered the office, where all are busily engaged in getting ready the Canadian mail. "The mail closes at eight p.m. to-night," said Mrs. Read. "There was almost a collapse. I knew the Brigadier de Harritt had asked for an article for the Christmas Eve. I knew that if I missed this special mail boat my contribution would be too late. Therefore, remember that the decree had gone forth that all articles must have a "Hope and Despair" flavor about them, I hurried down to supper and back to the desk, where I am now struggling through this short contribution with the faint hope that it will see light in the Christmas Eve." "The paper for the brigades! Yes, thank God! Eighteen hundred and ninety-three years ago was the gallant vessel, "Hope," launched at Calvary. The whole world was lost in darkness and sin. A remedy was provided. Jesus came. Legions of holy angels had been his companions. Somebody must enter and die to save a ruined world. There was none other than Jesus to pay the price of sin. In a mean manger was He born. Out of the inn was He thrust. Hunted down was He by a wicked king who thirsted for His life's blood. But He came. He went through to the bitter end, and to-day He lives. Over the ocean of Time this gallant, stout, safe vessel, "Hope," has sailed, rescuing from the sea of sin

COURTEOUS MILD STEPS OF ALL KISERS OF MISSESS

for whom Jesus died. The vessel of the life has an interest in this noble craft. Poor drunkards and harlots are not passed by. Wherever the scream of agony and despair is heard, down to the poor victim bears this gallant vessel. "It is forgiven!" cried Jesus, the world may now go free.

By the birth, age and death of this loving Saviour—hope was brought, and is still brought to every drunkard, harlot, thief, reprobate, gambler and outcast walking on the face of the earth. Hallelujah!

Ever tempted. Adam yielded. The earth was blasted. Sin's waves swept with fury over this world. The fens of the lower regions launched their hideous waves. "Tempest!"

WELL-TRAINED DEMONS have been working this hell-bound craft for centuries, and still abhor no o'er the dark waves, carrying her fearful, creaking, groaning crowd of



passengers. Having won to the wind they now reap the whirlwind! Times out of number has the "Despair" crossed the track of the demon vessel. Her life-buoy have many a time been thrown out to the suffering crew of the "Despair" without success. On she speeds to her doom! What a noisy crew throng her decks! There stands in the bow a poor, debauched drunkard, tearing his hair. Drink has nearly damned his soul. Soon his doom will be sealed. Near him is a poor harlot. Eaten up with the fire and passion of sin is she! In an evil hour she yielded. Terrible fact, she spurned the Saviour's love. See the small crowd of men gambling on the doomed ship. Their eyes seem to start out of their heads as they throw the dice and sort their cards. Money changes hands; curses rend the air. In sheer madness they damn each other's souls.

FOUR HAZARDOUS

are found along the decks of the "Despair." Some have openly rebelled, and driven the nails afresh into Jesus' hands and feet. Jesus, their best friend, they have cursed, and all too late they groan 'neath their bondage. He'll hold his hand carnal over them. There too, in the stern of the vessel, Cruelly he has treated the poor, he had promised to love and cherish. Their little children gather round them. A regular pandemonium prevails among the passengers. What an awful party they are bound to! Their bellows the raging storm drives her on, and hell papers wide to receive her living, suffering freight.

Cruel monster of hell! What we have thou brought to humanity! Thy sin, thy shame hath left its mark. Thou hast damned millions. Thou hast made myriads of wretched homes. Thou hast filled the asylums. Thou hast built countless hell-traps. Thou hast blasted fair lives. Thou dost seek to damn the world, but Jesus is all-powerful.

JESUS CAME TO BREAK THY POWER,

and thou art a chained enemy!

Thy dominion totters! No longer need man and woman despair of ever rising above the dark abyss of sin and misery into which thou hast plunged them! Jesus has accomplished His mission. He has brought the blind old things to sin-lanterned souls. Jesus is King! Hallelujah! Jesus shall reign. Hallelujah! Hail, thou Christ of Christmas!

Wrecked—Rescued—Anchored!

BY KENNEDY ADAMS (1894).

COULD piercing wind sweep in gusts across the platform of the railway station at G—, one dark winter night, extending the few people who were about to take the incoming train to considerably quicken their pace toward the warm, well-lit waiting-room, where, engaged in purchasing their tickets and leaving the last few words to friends who had come to see them off, everyone seemed too much absorbed in their own affairs to notice a young girl who had entered alone and stood in a half-hesitating way inside the door. "I wonder where I had better take my ticket for? Where shall I go," she thought. "I must get away from here. I cannot, and will not, let poor mother know of my trouble. It would kill her. I would have liked to go out to the farm and see her who more."

BUT I DARE NOT.

And the poor despairing heart that felt as though it was really turning to stone, never thought of the cruel anguish all alone, so that poor mother might be spared the degnance. A self-made exile who was, who had lost all she held dear—reputation, purity, loved ones and home, all for the one she had trusted above all others, but who had betrayed and deceived her. Where, indeed, could she find a refuge? Suddenly the scene of a large city, a long distance off, was flashed into her mind, and quickly she stepped up to the ticket office, purchased her ticket, and boarded the train; and through the long night so they rushed on in the darkness, she seemed.

TO LIVE OR—DIE.

the last few months of her life. One night stood out in vivid distinctness. She had gone to the Hotel Harrow and listened to the Rescue officer, who was leading the meeting, as she told of those who had been rescued from the depths and found a Deliverer in Jesus. She had been very much interested in the meeting, and as the officer said, "We are always willing to take any poor girl who needs our help and love," from her little speech she had never been much help. Her bright summer had aged so pleasantly. The young man to whom she was engaged seemed so true, so worthy of her affection, that not a shadow seemed to come across her sky. But at last her dream of love had been dispelled, and what an awakening! When one day he had announced his intention of going to another place to work, even then she could not believe as really meant to desert her. He would surely keep his word! But as time dragged wearily on, the whole weight of sorrow seemed turned to a

mighty tide upon her, and she realized the fact that she had been deceived and deserted by him who had promised to make her his wife. At last,

IN THE REPRESENTATION OF HER MIND,

she determined to leave her native town and go where she was not known, and started off as we have already told. A few days after, she stood at the door of the Hotel Harrow, her pale face and pleading grey eyes looking so full of suppressed sorrow that our hearts warmed at once toward her, and she was admitted as so simple. After telling us her sad story, she never gave us anyone's trouble. Obedient, loving, patient, industrious, she became a great help in the sewing-room. We could always depend on her, and as we look at some of the garments she made, we feel they are almost too sacred to use.

THE SHEEP IN GLOVE.

Our patient, suffering one came to Jesus as a little child, sobbing wildly, asking Him to forgive her sin. We all knelt round the supper-table and He set His hand upon her brow and stamped her as His own. She moved about among us purified and saint-like, yet with a patient look upon her face, as if all earthly joy had been crushed from her life. She did not cry much, but she lived much, and the months she passed in the Hotel Harrow endeared her to us more and more. When her little fatherless baby was born, God provided a good home for it. She went out in an holiness meeting, and the will that had been so firm not to let her mother know, was subdued. "You can write and tell her now," she said to the mistress; and when her poor old mother came one day, Irene was lying upon her bed in the hospital suffering from diphtheria, too low even for her bed-broken mother to see her. The deadly disease ran its course rapidly, for soon the stamp of death was seen on her brow, and from the poor parched lips came the whispered words, "I'm so tired, let me sleep now." The kind nurse bent down low and told her she could not live, again the whisper came,

"I'M NOT AFRAID,

my sins are all forgiven," and she passed away.

"That of the sorrow, the pain and the victory,
"The idea of the end of life."

"We miss her," writes one of the House officers, "but we feel thankful that the first one out of the Home is with Jesus."

CHRIST OR DESPAIR?

THERE is a memorable passage of Lavater, in which he says that there are but two characters in man. One is despair, and the other is hope. The spiritual experience of mankind bears witness to the truth of this statement. The life out of Christ is a life of despair. It is a life, the brightest of which fades steadily away, like the light of an over-clouded day. For there is no more light in every life—light, at least, in the morning—without Christ. We do not open our eyes at new upon darkness and sin. Youth is a time of hope, at least; it may be a time of

intensity and joy for all of us. But there comes a time when this natural spontaneity gives place and lightness of spirit fall behind the increasing darkness and the deepening mysteries of life. Then is the time when a man most chafes between the abiding winners of joy and sorrow, between God and the world, between righteousness and evil—between Christ and despair.

Christ, and the choice of Him, represent the sum of all the good which life offers to man.

THE HOPE LAID UP IN GLORY FOR THE FAITHFUL.

FAREWELL MESSAGES OF 1893'S GLORIFIED WARRIORS.

Mrs. Captain FREEMAN: "Jesus is very precious."
 LEUTENANT TOWHE, North Bay Harbor, Red: "Praise God."
 LEUTENANT MOSSES, Children's Shelter, Toronto: "Praise the Lord, this is the happiest moment of my life. . . The only thing I feel sorry about is that I didn't do more for the Lord. . . I'm God's little child."

WILLIE KIERSTEN, Campbellton: "Tell them I'm well in my soul, and I have a bright hope beyond. Tell the winners to get saved and the conquerors to be true."

BAND SERGEANT GOODCHILD, Hamilton: "To one and all life's evening will come. How dark and how sad will be the long night of eternity that follows to those who have not the light of saviour's love. . . But to those who are faithful and true the sunset of earth will be the sunrise of heaven."

POLOCKMAN BROTHER FORWARD, Carleton Place: "Brothers, go on and meet me in heaven. . . I was weary in body here with suffering, but I am at rest now."

LITTLE WILLIE HESTON (aged nine): "How much I would like to kiss Jesus. I love Him because His first loved me."

MOTHER CONNLEY: "Give me a real Army fellow. . . All I want with my soul. Hallelujah!"

ALICE MOORE, Clinton: "Oh, splendid! The Saviour is very near. What a change for me to be home in heaven! I want to meet all my friends there."

CONRAD SHORT, Ottawa: God had blessed him in his sickness, he said, and filled his heart with greater love for all.

TREASURER CONNELL, Woodstock: "A! I'm right."

SISTER KNIGHT, Lippincott: "Oh, if those unsaved boys and girls were lying here in this pain they would have no time to pray." When asked if she could sing as she had so often done in the meetings,

"I'll sing when the death-dew has dried on my brow, When I find Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now," she answered, "Yes, if I had the strength."

COMRADE TAYLOR, Blenheim: "It is all well. Jesus is so precious!"

MADGE DEONAS, Nanaimo: "I love the Lord with all my heart. I am fully His, resting in Him, and whether I live or die, it's all right. I am His anyway."

LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD MESSIE SIMMONS, Berlin: She was "going to be with Jesus," she told her mother.

JAMES SIMMONS: "I am going there," he said, pointing to the sky; and "heaven" was his last word.

BROTHER BEATON, North Sydney: "I am so happy. I was never so happy in all my life." So he testified one night. The next morning he was found dead in bed.

ANABELLA WINTER, Port Huron: "I am only waiting for Jesus to come, and it won't be long now."

LITTLE JESSIE ANNE, Berlin: To her weeping sister she said, "Marry, you should not be crying, but laughing. I would be laughing only for this pain."

"Mrs. ROBINSON, Owen Sound: 'I'm all right; I'm having the victory.'"

BROTHER MCGAFFY, Detroit: Clapping the hands of his family he pleaded with each to "be good."

CANDIDATE RITCHIE, Toronto: "I do want to be all that God would have me to be." This was her testimony in a meeting.

GEORGE NEUBERT: "All is well. . . I haven't the least doubt of my acceptance with God."

LIZIE EVANS, Carleton Place: "If I hadn't got moved before I was sick I don't think I could now."

MR. JOHN POSTLEWELL: "I'll soon be landed."

SISTER STOKES, Dresden: "Lord, I do believe."

BROTHER RICHES: "Prepare to meet thy God, for you know not when the Son of Man will come."

So he lay now the way in his testimony shortly before he was found wedged in between the engine wheel and the wall, and frozen stiff, alone.

SISTER FOSTER, Berlin: "Comrades, go on; there is grand victory."

SISTER MRS. SHUTE, London: "Thank God, it is well with my soul," she said, in the midst of her sufferings.

CHARLES MURK, Calgary: "Jesus is real. Jesus is precious. Good-bye, good-bye, Jesus wants me home."

Mrs. WHITNEY, Port Perry: COLOR SERGEANT LAMBER, Halifax; Mrs. McDONALD, Niagara; Mrs. WASHINGTON, Toronto; Miss COOPER, Campbellford; ANNIE McLEAN, Newcastle; MOTHER PALMER, JOHNSVILLE; MISS CHURCHILL, Petrolia; SISTER GATES, Montreal; MOTHER MILLER, Stratford; Mrs. BALLARD, Toronto Junction; LITTLE SALLY, Kingston.

All those and others from our Canadian ranks this year have crossed the river rejoicing. "Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."



The Devil's "Tanglefoot."

BY DR. DANIEL MARSHALL.



SEVEN days last summer while watching an almost countless number of flies who had been caught in "tanglefoot," I learnt a lesson. Some were struggling energetically, wildly, almost pitifully, as if more they were.

BY TELLING DISCREPANT EVILS.

Going to free themselves from the sticky substance. Some were feebly, faintly, but surely striving to get out of the "tanglefoot," but were well-nigh exhausted, as evidenced by the low, faint, mournful buzz they were making. Others had given up all hope, and were merely waiting to die. Some were already dead.

A few things I could not fail to notice about the "tanglefoot."

1. Its appearance was attractive to the prey.
2. Its taste appeared to be palatable to the flies.
3. It very effectively held every fly who once fairly settled upon its apparently glossy surface.

4. The more those flies whom it had entrapped tried to liberate themselves the more they each became entangled. I did not make enquiries as to what ingredients were used in making "tanglefoot," but one thing about it was evident, it was a terror on the poor flies, and very soon thinned them down.

I have thought since of

ANOTHER KIND OF "TANGLEFOOT," which, alas! is in the world, the ingredients of which have been carefully, wisely, and wilyly invented, and mixed by the adversary of man's soul, and which is quite as effectively used with a view to attract, catch, hold, destroy and damn the very souls whom Christ came to save, as was the "tanglefoot" to the flies. There was still one more feature about "tanglefoot" which had struck me. It was this: the flies who were enjoying their liberty and flying about the room, appeared to be blind to the sad position, which their fellow-flies, who had got entangled, were in; many of them, therefore, readily flew to the side of their struggling comrades, only to meet the same variable fate as death.

I then looked out upon the poor world and I saw vast crowds, hundreds, thousands, millions of precious souls, similarly

enticed, caught, captured, enslaved in the devil's "tanglefoot." Some of them said they were happy, and sang, danced, and exultantly pranced about as did the flies, as if by their very energy to decay those who were at liberty and make them believe that, though entangled, they were nevertheless having a good time; those however had only just got caught with "tanglefoot."

There was another crowd who had been entangled for some time, and had grown tired and sick of sin and were vainly trying to get free, but, like the flies, the more they struggled to extricate themselves, the more they became entangled, sinking deeper and deeper into the misery and pollution of sin. Other poor souls had tried to be good, and failed so often that they too, like the dependent flies,

HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPES

and were the subjects of that terrible slavish monster—Despair. But what broke my heart the most of all was that although some said they had got delivered—freed—saved from the devil's "tanglefoot," themselves, yet they would look on and watch this mighty, moving, suffering, struggling, despairing multitude—hear their groans for deliverance, behold their utter helplessness to free themselves, see them fainting and dying for salvation all around them every day—and yet

NEVER PUT FORTH AN EFFORT

to save them from their ghastly fate, or prevent those who were just on the verge of being entangled.

I heard the Christiana bells toll. I listened to the music, merriment, and mirth of this "tanglefoot." I saw the gaudy, gaudy fashions of the world. I beheld the friendships and companionships of the jolly, rollicking, happy-go-lucky crowds. I heard their child songs, and jokes, and toasts. I thought for awhile of their amusements and pleasures, lit up in all the gay colors of nineteenth century art, device, and invention, but through all this wise that sparkled, the light that dazzled and the music that charmed, and underneath all the mirth that strimed, the dance that delighted, and "the play" that pleased, I could plainly see that all of it in reality was

"THE DEVIL'S TANGLEFOOT."



NIL DESPERANDUM.

"The Battle is not Yours, but God's."

BY MAJOR BUCKETS.

HOPE and Despair. The latter should belong to the sinners who continually say "I am a sinner," while the former—"Hope"—or "Nil Desperandum" should always be the motto or experience of the true soldier of Jesus Christ.

No real, good, and true man will ever be entirely free from difficulties and enemies in this world, whatever he may be in this. Consider for illustration and instruction a chapter from the experience of King Jehoshaphat. He was a good man, but notwithstanding that

HE HAD HIS ENEMIES.

for he was informed that "a great multitude" was coming against him, determined, if possible, to take his life. This "great multitude" consisted of three great armies—the Moabites, the Ammonites, and the Scimitars—all united and resolved to conquer and kill Jehoshaphat and his people. But what did Jehoshaphat do in this severe hour of trial? He did that which proved him to be:

1. A natural man.
2. A spiritual man.
3. A sanctified-common-sense man.

He was a natural man, for he "feared," and what is more natural than to tremble and fear in the time of real trouble? But he was a spiritual man for he prayed. He "set himself to seek the Lord." In his trouble he went to God. He compelled his knees to stop trembling by bending them, and then he acted as a sanctified-common-sense man, for he requested others to pray with him—"as he proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah." In this real-time prayer meeting, Jehoshaphat, the king, prayed himself, and his prayer is recorded in II. Chron. xii. 5-10, and the reader should look it up and read it on his knees before reading any further these comments thereon.

Here was a confession of weakness and ignorance which, as a king and leader of God's people, could neither have been easy nor pleasant to make. But he made it. He told God in the presence of the people that he felt as a child and as ignorant as an imbecile. But he did so to stop there. While he confessed his weakness and ignorance, he also confessed his confidence in God. "Our eyes are upon Thee." Whatever might happen he resolved never to run away—never to be a deserter—a backslider, and no sooner had Jehoshaphat finished his prayer than

THE SPIRIT OF GOD FELL

—not upon him—but upon a man who sat "in the midst of the congregation."

And thence "fell now his king like a man."

The Spirit came like a fire, to him.

For "then upon Jahaziel came as the Spirit of the Lord," and he at once rose up and said,

"Hearken ye, all Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem, and then King Jehoshaphat. Thus saith the Lord upon you."

That relieved Jehoshaphat. He at once took his seat to listen to Jahaziel because he had put it "in the Spirit of the Lord," and that, because he had just become filled with the Spirit. Oh, for a baptism of the Holy Ghost to come upon every Satanist! Thus, the world, as any man, he was "despairing" among any of us, but "hope," and faith, and courage to speak for God. Now came the revelation to the good king. Jahaziel's message was—

"Thus saith the Lord unto you, he did not send you dismayed by reason of this great multitude, for the battle is not yours, but God's, and, therefore, he will be with you."

What a glorious revelation! Jehoshaphat thought the battle was his, and had assumed that prayer-meeting on purpose "to

ask help of the Lord," but now he is informed that the battle is God's, and that he must be willing to help God. I.e., he must be whole-hearted and "consecrated"—a thorough, devoted soldier. Observe his action now. Both he and his people all went down to every crag together. For he "bowed his head with his face to the ground," and all the people with him "fell before the Lord." The next morning they were up "early," and got into marching order. Instead of taking with them "carnal weapons," Jehoshaphat told them to keep believing, saying—

"Believe in the Lord your God, — I, No shall go prosper."

He composed a beautiful song for them to sing as they went forth to meet the foe. This they sang possibly hundreds of times as they went marching along; and so it was early in the morning, their enemies were asleep, and possibly dreaming of victory! Presently the music of a terrific song awoke them, and they jumped up inquiring, "What's the matter?" They answered their own question by saying—

"Oh, it is all right; it is only

SOME RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION

going forth to a religious ceremony! But look! They are coming towards us! What is it they are singing?"

"Hallelujah! For His mercy endureth for ever!"

And they knew no more. They at once became mesmerized, or hypnotized, or spiritualized, for the Ammonites and Moabites stood up against the Scimitars and slew every one of them, and then the Moabites and Ammonites slew one another, so that when Jehoshaphat came near, he found they were all "dead bodies fallen to the ground," and none capable of doing him any harm. He then did but to "take away the spoil," and in doing so "found among them in abundance both riches with the dead bodies, and precious jewels, and they were three days in gathering of the spoil, it was so much."

And then with "psalteries, harps, and trumpets" they returned to Jerusalem with great joy.

WE HAVING WON A SINGLE WAR.

The fight was too gloriously successful for any of them to backslide. They had all been faithfully and happily employed.

Oh, my dear comrades, can we take courage from this and cheer up? Hope on and "nil desperandum." Some of you perhaps are in real trouble; yes, you may have a threefold enemy—Moabites, Ammonites, and Scimitars, but the world, the flesh, and the devil. But what are you to do? "Despair?"

The world will oppose you, and "the world" will include your relatives or friends who try to hinder you from whole-hearted surrender for God by making you afraid of what they may say or think. But the fear of man bringeth shame. Think of Jahaziel, and get filled with the Spirit, and that "fear" will have to fly. The flesh, perhaps, your enemy, and your whole-hearted service for Jesus would mean self-denial, self-sacrifice, or giving up some doubtful content, unnatural habit, questionable company, worldliness, and pride.

There's that's the devil. He will oppose you and suggest you do sufficient for others already. In fact, all who wish to be out-and-out for God and souls prove the existence of this threefold enemy. But the battle is not yours, it is God's. Think of Jahaziel, and he has promised it. "Thus saith the Lord, I will get for this be engaged of by the house of Israel to do it for them." Then, too,

ALL BATTLES ARE GOD'S.

such as the battle for purity, holiness, perfect love, peace at home, the salvation of children and neighbors. The battle is God's, and we must be His loyal, consecrated, whole-hearted soldiers. There we shall have victory all along the line. Every day will be filled with "hope," and our motto will always be—"Nil Desperandum!"



THE difficulty at this moment is not so much the want of something to write about, but how to find it up so that it may be palatable and profitable to the Canadian reader.

"WAR AND HUMORS OF WAR."

The Argentine Republic has just been stirred from one end to the other by the cry of revolution, and only a period of three years has elapsed since the entire city of Buenos Aires was shut up, owing to real war being waged in one of its finest Parks, and the war ships, which were in the River Plata, bearing tooth and nail at the Government House with the object of turning out its President. Although the supposed victory was gained, it was at the expense of hundreds of souls losing their lives in the struggle.

Last Sunday the Salvation Army had arranged special meetings at the No. 111, Corps, led by the commander, Major and Mrs. Clifton, but at the hour appointed to convene they were conspicuous by their absence, owing to the locality in which the Major's quarters were situated having been captured by the revolutionists. Armed with Remingtons, this time with the object of overthrowing the Provincial Government.

Revolutionists, I may say, are the means used by South Americans to demonstrate their political creed, and change Presidents and the present Government of the respective Republics. Consequently candidates in these countries naturally

MOVING FROM THEM.

and can be heard saying in different parts of the late revolution has resulted in much. But, however true this may be, they are none the less bloody and cruel, and altogether inconsistent with the methods adopted by the Prince of Peace to remedy national evils. The fact that they are cruel is as more vividly brought before our minds as Major Clifton and I visited the city of Rosario, Santa Fe, four days after the fighting was over, and witnessed the principal Plaza, where two hundred previous souls had been

HURLED INTO ETERNITY.

and saw the large statues of human blood in the streets, and the Massacre Plaza peppered from end to end with shots. It is estimated that a few days previously escaped for their lives over the roofs or the best way they could.

One occurrence which brought it still nearer to our doors was on visiting one of our friends to hear that his clerical, a young man who had several times spoken in our meetings, on leaving to deliver the Saturday night, previous, had been fired at, the bullet passing through his brain, killing him instantaneously.

There is another Army of revolutionists who entered the Argentine Republic on December 22, 1890, and are equally as ambitious

for good government, the characteristics of their methods also having a revolutionizing influence, viz., the Salvation Army. The Province of Mendoza is the latest attacked by its forces. The capital of the province is

THE ACTUAL SEAT OF WAR.

Mendoza is situated at the foot of the Andes with a population of 30,000 and only four days' ride made back from Chivil, ground unsuited as yet for the Salvation Army, but undoubtedly a splendid field for the future. However, the coming of the former place is looked upon as a considerable advance in that direction. Salvation forces are lying at its very door, and when marching orders are given it will only be a matter of four days and they are declared war against the powers of darkness on the Pacific Coast. Mendoza is mentioned famous in history on account of the earthquake which occurred on July Wednesday in the year 1861, when a moment of time 13,000 perished, not more than 1,000 escaping. The whole city was destroyed; not even the streets were traceable. Nevertheless a new city has been built, a new people raised up, and now these are nightly to be found in the Salvation Army barracks, which is having a telling effect on the city in general. Major Clifton, who is at present conducting some special meetings there, writes as follows:—"Mendoza is doing nicely just now. There is much interest aroused, and I feel very hopeful about the future of the work here." Rosario, Santa Fe, is already mentioned as one of the most lively revolution scenes, and the work of the Salvation Army is not behind in that respect. During the eighteen months it has been established there, a great number of souls have been saved, and three of these have become Captains.

The meetings in Buenos Aires, the capital of the Argentine, are just as much of a revolutionary character as in the other parts of the Republic. Only last week at the No. 1, Corps the hall was

PAVED TO THE DOORS.

with four policemen acting as Orderly Sergeants, and outside was an loving mob of 200 people giving vent to their feelings by hurling eggs at the door-keepers, until his tunic was more yellow than black. Put in spite of all this, eleven souls were saved during the week. The most indifferent mind to think about its philosophy objects. The following figures show the actual movements during June, July, August and September: Sheltered, 2,400; meals supplied, 17,000 persons. This territory is large and the opportunities for doing good are as many, but the forces here, as yet, only

LIKE A BIRD IN THE CAGES.

comparatively few. However, some of the chief characteristics, so prominent in all our ranks, are well to the front in this country, namely, self-sacrifice and adaptability, which are helping to conquer against a thousand odds.

THE RESCUING PARTY;

Or, God's Salvation Army Miners.

BY BRIGADIER DE BARRETT.

WE are living in a world of more and action. We cannot take up the WAR CRY of any particular country, or even the daily press, without finding that the wheels not only grind surely, but that they more swiftly. Events after events each other with surprising any Salvationist who walks about open will find abundant illustrations of every great truth. Lately several such incidents have come before me, and have been used and blessed by God to emphasize those truths that they are calculated to explain and illustrate, and I have, therefore, decided that the few lines that have been allotted to me shall be occupied in bringing before the readers of "Hope and Despair" some of those incidents that have been of some service.

Our illustration represents one of those catastrophes that from time to time are brought with sorrow and despair upon those whom they have affected both directly and indirectly.

Born in a mining country, having labored amid thousands of miners, who to-day are

AMONGST THE BRIGADES AND WEST of our Salvation warriors, I have from time to time been brought into contact with those sad events, which are known as colliery accidents. Their cause is too well known to warrant me in taking time to explain them; their effects, alas! are also painfully recognized by all. Even our own ranks have been decimated by these terrible occurrences, and many a brave soldier-warrior, who has left home, and wife and little ones in the morning, has been carried home a lifeless corpse, or sadder still, his loved ones have been left to gaze from the mouth of the shaft to be told that there was no

hope of ever recovering his body. A characteristic of many, indeed nearly every coal mining accident, has been the opportunity it has afforded of true heroism, courage, and bravery. Indeed quite a feature of these calamities has been the number of lives that have been lost in attempting to rescue the imprisoned or recover the bodies of the dead.

Oh, yes, I have long seen what every salvation warrior must have observed, that men only need to recognize and believe the necessity for heroism, gallantry, and bravery, and heroes will always be found. Alas! alas! that it is chiefly outside the annals of Christianity and amongst those who profess no allegiance to God's name that such deeds of daring, self-sacrifice, and courageousness have been known, and yet it is also true that there are to-day, though perhaps unknown and unnoticed by the world,

BEING OF EQUAL HEROISM AND BRAVERY

known only to God, and that will only be recognized on that Great Day!

Such was that of that brave male officer whom I met in Australia, but a type of those who persist in remaining at the battle's front, taking his stand on the platform, attending the open-air, and warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come, although he was literally and truly dying upon his feet. Standing by his dying bed only a few days after he had ceased public work, in the intervals his racking consumptive cough would allow, he took the hand of his dear wife, and glancing in to mine, asked me if I would promise him that, after his spirit had left for the better world, his dear, devoted wife should be allowed to resume her old position as a corps leader, that provision should be made for their little child, so that the woman-warrior

MIGHT CARRY ON THE WORK.

The true and inspired heroism that helps a man or woman to despise the example of those whose example is not worthy of imitation is not unnoticed by God, and is often a blessing to His fighting people. The soldier-sinner, who refuses to be guided as to what God wishes him to do or to be by the lives of those who have no realization of the reality of heaven and hell, has rare gifts. And we also are convinced that there are in the ranks of Salvationdom to-day officers, men and women, who are literally being spent for the Master's service.

Yes, I say, once let, at any rate God's own people thoroughly grasp the reality of eternity, the value of soul, and we shall have such a spiritual awakening as this Dominion has never known. Instead of having to persuade men and women to go and save the lost, the difficulty will be to find the work and opportunity for zeal and enthusiasm to manifest itself.

And thus, whether on the coal field, battle field or on the deep blue sea, true heroism and forgetfulness of self have often taken hold of men in such a way as to make them into a second and a higher and better self. And oh! if the dangers of a temporary death and the loss of mankind can influence others,

WHAT MAY WE EXPECT

when all this better, finer, inspired feeling is sanctified and purified by the grace of God, and when alone with Him or in a public assembly, man and woman shall seek the love of the world's Saviour and the baptism of His spirit.

And now, my dear reader, the question is how do you stand with regard to Christian heroism, courage and self forgetfulness? I need not stay for one moment to assure you that the reason why more souls are not saved is because God's workers are not more numerous, and that the explanation why those who are His soldier-workers are not more blessed by God is because they are not more determined to be true to Him, and admit this. Alas! alas! how inexplicable that hell, and death,

and judgment, the blood of Christ, His sweat, and toil and life missions and object are all so little understood that even unto the church without ever thoroughly realizing themselves up to the extent of their responsibility for the souls of those about them! Can you die with an experience like this! Can you match with confidence to God's Throne such a condition? Will not the cries of damned souls ring through your ears even as you stand in the very presence of the blood-washed and redeemed? Oh! for one moment, contrast, if you can, the experience of such a

one and that of the soldier-warrior who has literally been

EATEN UP WITH THE REAL OF GOD'S HOUSE.

who shall go before his God and King, carrying the cross he has gathered and shall receive that blessed commendation, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

If you have not this experience, then this very moment with "Hope and Despair" in your hands, get down on your knees before God and determine to be a soul-saver and one of God's real salvation miners.



IN THE NICK OF TIME

A Reprieve for the Prisoner.

BY OBSERVER.

N the nick of time! How often have we felt as if all hope were dashed us, and that before us lay nothing but darkness and despair, and yet, in the nick of time, just at the point of yielding, something, either a whisper from God's spirit or a voice from His blessed Word, or a bit of cheer from a fellow-comrade, came to us and seemed to change the current of our thoughts heavenward and bring into our life

A VEIL OF FAITH AND ENCOURAGEMENT that made no wonder why we could have been so faithless as to doubt God! Let us draw some such lesson from our illustration.

I remember reading, when a boy of a prisoner being condemned to death for some offence against the realm. His punishment was just one, for his crime was of a base character. His last day came. He was placed on the scaffold and the black cap pulled over his head. Just as the trap-door was going to open and allow him to drop and break his neck, a horseman was seen forcing his way through the crowd, having in his hand a reprieve, brought about by some influential persons in court circles. Imagine the joy of that man whose hope for pardon had long since vanished. Is this not a striking parallel to what Christ accomplished for us?

is concerned. In Shapton-Mallet court in England, some years ago, a soldier told the following striking story:

One night, with another companion and a woman, he left the saloon in which they had been drinking for home. They were all though he was the worst of the women was

FOUND DEAD NEXT MORNING BY THE ROADSIDE

with her throat cut. He, with his companions, was brought before the Assizes, and as the evidence all went against him, he was sentenced to be hung. The worst feature in the case was that he was so drunk he did not remember what he did that night, and as he heard the evidence against him he was almost convinced he was the murderer. In his cell he could hear them preparing the gallows for him, and had given up all hopes. The night before he was to be executed his companion confessed that he had murdered the woman, and so, to his unspeakable astonishment and delight, our comrade was liberated. Soon after he got converted and became a valiant soldier for God.

There may be one who will read these few lines and feel, as he or she looks back on the past life of sin, that hope for salvation is entirely idle. God having grown tired of seeking their soul's salvation. Let me tell you that though your case may seem entirely past the remotest chance of pardon, God can "in the nick of time," grant you a reprieve, on the ground that His Son died for you, and set you free from the fear of death and bondage of sin. Don't despair, God loves you still.

Another case, and a more remarkable, in which a Salvationist

From Skipper's Boy to Officer.

BY MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN READ, NEWFOUNDLAND.



BRIGHT and clear dawned the Christmas morning.

The young people of a Newfoundland out-boat were bent on no pleasure to be found. The new revelous spent its time drinking, swearing and smoking.

Our hero being among the more sober, with a crowd of young companions, were on "mumming" round to friends' houses, finishing up with an evening's amusement, little dreaming that before another Nova a radical change would take place.

Where the blue waves of the great Atlantic wash up on the rocky western coast, and in time of tempest and storm swell and roar, here the subject of this little sketch was born.

Fortune is one of the principal seats of the herring fishery, and as a great number of Atlantic vessels come here for it, it is of the greatest importance. The Fortune fisherfolk work cheerfully on "The Banks" lying to the south-west of the island some 200 miles.

George's father is an Englishman, who came to Newfoundland many years ago. His mother had been converted for thirty years. He was at

AN OLD-FASHIONED METHODIST REVIVAL.

that God spoke peace to her soul. Consequently his early life was surrounded by Christian influences. He attended Sabbath School, and as each denomination is responsible for the education of its youth, he went to the Methodist day-school.

Thanks to a mother's prayers and a natural love for reading, he can say—"I never have had a rough life since. Never drank. Never went into a public house that I can remember."

George was converted first when twelve years of age, and for two years did right; but gradually drifted away. So when he first attended Army meetings in St. John's, he was a wanderer from the fold. He fell in love with them nevertheless, and the second night after they opened at his home he came to the prodigal's father.

George went to sea at thirteen the first few years a sailing round Cape Breton catching "squids" for the Frenchman. He also went to the Labrador. Seven years when he found him at sea season on "The Banks," some of the adventures he has encountered have been thrilling.

One of the most serious occurred last May. His party left on the tenth. Just after they had anchored on the night of the fifth a fearful storm came up. It was quite impossible to do anything on deck. Three hundred fathoms of cable were dragged by the tempest's fury forty miles. The wind

BLEW A PERFECT HURRICANE,

driving the helpless crew before it like a ball. The vessel's six "dories" with new gearings had been just put out. All the gearings were swept away, and a great loss to the owner. One of the boats was smashed to pieces, two others lost.

No swearing was heard then, they were brought face to face with eternity. All were awed into silence as they stood holding on to mast, rhonda, pump, or any available tangible object to keep themselves from being swept into the great rolling sea, which ran mountains high around them and threatened for twenty hours to swallow them beneath its angry depths. Nothing to eat could be obtained only as they watched it, as a sailor's life. The sea was broken by the roaring winds, the crashing of utensils in the forecastle, and presently the prayers and songs of the several soldiers on board.

When the darkness dispersed, the clouds rolled away, and the brewing sea settled a little, our seamen started for home to repair their loss. The excitement which pervaded when they were sighted by their friends can scarcely be imagined, for these dear people know only too well what fearful consequences follow such a time of danger. There they stood in crowds on the pier, anxious to know if any lives had been sacrificed to the greedy waves.

At another time our comrade thought death was inevitable. He and another—an aged married man—were on a fishing expedition. Though a "smart" breeze was blowing, there was no apparent sign of a storm. All unexpectedly a huge wave turned over their boat, and they found themselves struggling in the surf. Brother Thompson felt sure death was very near. He was

STUNNED ALMOST TO UNCONSCIOUSNESS

by the sudden lurch, and all seemed black and hazy. As he rose to the surface he looked in the opposite direction to where his boat lay. The half-filled with water, and seeing no boat he was confident he would perish in a watery grave. But there was no fear. The sting of death had been taken away.

"If this is the way, Lord, you want to take me to glory I am ready. I am not afraid."

But close at hand a brother was in danger, and he must try to save him. In less time than it takes to write he discovered his "dory," but could, as yet, see no trace of his companion. On managing to swim to his boat, he discovered him helplessly clinging to it by the tips of his fingers, his head in that was almost a miracle was to extricate him from his perilous position. As their oars and everything had been washed away, they were

IN DARK DANGER

as to how they would reach their schooner, which was miles away.

They utilized the two remaining dories, and Brother Thompson paddling at the bow, and the other one lying flat in the boat at the stern, resting one end on his head and paddling with the other. Three hours of laborious toil passed before faint, wet and cold, they reached a vessel which finally got them aboard their own craft.

He was enrolled the first enrolment at his corps and got fully sanctified four months afterward. A passion for souls took full possession then, and possessed him to-day. This is the reason he is fighting in the Garrison preparatory to going forth to "be bountied by" a platoon of a Savior Whose birth we commemorate, and Whose advent to the world is the brightening and energizing the soul as money.

The trials and temptations which assail our brave fishermen are numerous indeed, and he is particularly harassed by the enemy, has our brother dropped his trowel and given it to his mate—often unswayed—and fallen in his boat to cry to God for assistance and wept out his heart before Him. Victory always came. Christmas this year will find him fighting as an officer in our beloved Salvation Army, bringing hope to dark hearts, and driving despair from the discouraged sorrowful ones in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Through Unseen Dangers;

OR, A CHRISTMAS EVE INCIDENT.

BY PAUL LETTER.

AFTER a hard punishment from God, I had just gotten up a chance. "I read my Bible, but without seeing the way; yet the Lord had given me glorious promises that I should see the light—promises so clear and so definite, so rich and so good, that they have not yet all been fulfilled. Some indeed will only be fulfilled beyond Jordan. But at the time I speak of, I was not yet saved; I was still in the bondage of sin. Suddenly the Lord took me out of position from sin, and when seeking for work I could find nothing but a situation as

PROFESSOR IN A MISSIONARY CHURCH in South America. Although untrained, I stated my case, sent in my certificate, and against my expectation, and indeed almost my wish, was at once accepted.

I embarked on the steamer *Reliance*, of the Kosmos Line, Captain Zimmerman, on the 21st of December, 1889, for Valparaiso. This was the only passenger. The vessel was the oldest of the line, and as one of the crack steamers would be in the West Coast soon after Christmas, the passengers had evidently preferred spending that festive season with their friends in the Old Country.

On Christmas Eve we were in the Channel. There was a heavy fog, and the fog horns kept blowing all day. At ten o'clock at night I was

CONFIDENTIALLY ENCOMENDED on a lounge in the brilliantly lit dining-room. A volume of poetry was before me, and I was staring into the light of the candleholders, when the vessel stopped. The whistle screamed to have guns ready, and the crew kept running about over my head as if "they were going to be bountied by" a platoon of a Savior Whose birth we commemorate, and Whose advent to the world is the brightening and energizing the soul as money.

Three hours of laborious toil passed before faint, wet and cold, they reached a vessel which finally got them aboard their own craft.

He was enrolled the first enrolment at his corps and got fully sanctified four months afterward. A passion for souls took full possession then, and possessed him to-day. This is the reason he is fighting in the Garrison preparatory to going forth to "be bountied by" a platoon of a Savior Whose birth we commemorate, and Whose advent to the world is the brightening and energizing the soul as money.

THEIR CHIEF MAKE HASTY WITH THE CREW from the rigging; and that was why we gave the cheers. But she did not grow up."

I have always considered it a peculiar sign of God's favor that He kept us in such an absolute peace and ignorance of the danger that night.

But the strangest thing to me has always been that I was half of a sailor myself. I had piloted many a vessel and steamer in the Irish Channel, and, by long experience, knew perfectly the meaning of the whistle and the danger signal. How was it that I kept peacefully staring into the shining lights of the candleholders, without the slightest apprehension of danger from that peculiar Christmas Eve?

Thank God, since that event happened MY LIFE HAS BEEN CHANGED!

Christmas Cheer.

Fearful and wide-spread has been the sentiment of sympathy with Mrs. Booth during her prolonged anxiety for her suffering baby-son; and now, indeed, is the word of thanksgiving upon us that he is on the fair road to health, the danger past.

Five things, we feel assured, would cheer the heart of our leader so much as to know that the readers of the "Gry" will put in the midst of all their own Christmas cheer, forget the tiny inmates of the Children's Hospital, and the sad loss of the girl in the Rescue Home, in whom Mrs. Booth has taken profound and practical interest.

Toys for the children, clothing for the women, food for all of them; in fact, anything and everything that will serve to make it seem a bit "Christmasy," will be cordially and thankfully welcomed at the Rescue Home, Toronto and Jamaica, Quebec, Portland, or the Children's Shelter, 218 and 220 Bloor Street, Toronto.

Death-Bed Testimonies

OR

Hope and Despair.

An active business man, seeing death unavoidable, said to his physician: "Doctor, I have made every provision for dying, and now I must die, though utterly unprepared for it."

John Wesley died with the words upon his lips: "O God, be all in all. God is with us. Farewell! Farewell!"

On the verge of death, just before he entered his well-earned rest, Sir Pymon de la Roche, the Frenchman, said: "The battle's fought; the victory's won. I am going to battle in an ocean of purity and benevolence and happiness through eternity. Faith and patience hold out."

Alvino, as he neared the Judgment Day, cried: "My principles have poisoned my friend. My extravagance has injured my boy. My unbelief has murdered my wife, and is murdering her! Oh, Thou blameworthy yet most indulgent God, hell is a refuge if it hide me from Thy wrath."

THREE CHEERS WERE GIVEN, and the crew began cheering again and shaking the delighted old vessel.

Next morning I had breakfast and a glass of champagne with the first officer as usual. It was only at dinner time that the captain said to me: "Well, you got badly scared yesterday!"

Tell it to Jesus.

1994

Wrote and shown by GUYTON E. E. BROWN



The image shows a page from a music book. At the top, the title "The Rose Tree" is written in a decorative, cursive font. Below the title is a musical score for a song. The score is written on a single staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and catchy. The lyrics are written below the staff. The page is decorated with a border of stylized leaves and flowers. The overall style is that of a vintage children's music book.

The Rose Tree

1st Verse

One tree in the garden, so tall and so green,
 With a rose tree in the garden, so tall and so green,
 And a little bird in the garden, so tall and so green,
 And a little bird in the garden, so tall and so green.

2nd Verse

Tell me the name of the tree that is green,
 And the name of the bird that is green,
 And the name of the tree that is green,
 And the name of the bird that is green.

Tell it to Joam, He understands thee,
Knows all the workings, and sees all thy train,
Knows all the hidden things, and what thou hast planned.
Knows all the workings, the doubts and thy fears.

Tell it to Joam, He understands thee,
He can replace any sorrow by love,
He can convert sorrow into joy,
He can speak peace 'midst the tempest and strife.

Tell it to Joam, He understands thee,
He will be the Spirit to perfect thy soul
and
sweep and cleanse the temple to refine thee,
Tell him thy trials, and he will part, but the whole

Tell it to Joam, He understands thee,
He will be the Justice, and remove our sin
from the way of our feet, He will guide thee,
Not one stone nor wall, orught, but wisdom

Bring it to Jesus.

11/11/2011

Words and Music by Miss HENRIETTA H. DUNN



Bring it to Jesus, He knows Thy sorrow,
Has followed Thy feet o'er the pathway of life!
Longed to help Thee, and later'd to love,
Long'd to deliver from sorrow and strife.

Bring it to Jesus, lay down at His feet
Thy soul and be cleansed, and Thy heart to be filled
With His Holy Spirit, He will give Thee His strength,
Bring Him Thy temptations, He'll lead Thee to null.

Bring it to Jesus, leave all at His throne,
Thy life for His love, thy hands for His toil
Bring Him thy crown and set gifts for His own,
Watch for His appearing, and gaze for His speed

The Message
of the Angels.

World and ... 123



49
 I'd like to find someone
 Angels just in streams of grace
 Earth, they're new ones, they're brightening
 There shall come their own dawn
 Now they bring the dawn
 From sea to land, and from sea to sea
 Their walls were and shall be
 They promise in their own way
 The world of the world for angels
 There to bring such a new
 Telling how the angels' voices
 Hear the Lord in their hearts
 Think, I'm William great and new
 Their million souls to be
 No further, it's a new
 Hate to spread God's loving will



Christ has Come

Made by Mrs. L. J. Thompson, 1890.

[illegible]



SHEPHERDS WERE WATCHING.

BY CAPTAIN FENNET.

TUNE—*Tell it again.*

1 Shepherds were watching their flocks
Once by night,
When round about them there shone a bright
light;
"Fear not," an angel said, "to you I bring
News of the birth of a Saviour and King."

CHORUS.

Glory to God, glory to God,
Peace on the earth, and good will towards
men;
Jesus has left His bright home up on high,
Come to this world for each sinner to die.

And by the star shining bright in the sky,
Men came to Bethlehem filled with great joy;
Down at His feet all adoring they fell,
Lord, send this Spirit upon each and all.

Saviour, we worship Thee now as our King.
While at this Christmas time to Thee we
sing
Offerings of thanksgiving by at Thy feet,
Feeling in Thee our great joy is complete.

PEACE FOR THEE.

TUNE—*Hark, the herald angels sing!*
(B. J., 146.)

2 Sinner, while the Saviour's pleading,
Harkens to His loving call,
While He now is sweetly speaking, wilt thou
freely give up all?
He is saying, "Come then hither, come thou
weary one to I;—"
Listen to His loving voice, "Come just now,
and be set free."

(Repeat last line.)

Do not spurn the grace He offers, nor reat
His pleading voice,
Blood there is thy sin to pardon, and to
make thy heart rejoice;
All thy sins He will forgive thee, He will
free thy guilty soul,
"Tho' thy sins as crimson be, they shall
be as white as wool."

(Repeat last line.)

Weary one, lay down thy burden and thy sin
as Jesus feet,
Spurn His offered grace no longer, but accept
that perfect peace
Which the world can never afford thee, Jesus
is the only way,
At the Cross there still is room. He will
save thee, come away.
(Repeat last line.)

JESUS, THE SAVIOUR IS COME FROM
ON HIGH.

BY BRIGADE-CAPTAIN A. TILLEY.

TUNE—*The merry of God.* (B. J. No. 146.)

3 Wonderful tidings, oh, how they swell
Over the valley, the mountain and hill;
The Saviour is come from on high
For a lost world, to suffer and die.

CHORUS.

Oh! the merry of God!
Oh! the merry of God!

Angels from over the bright, crystal sea,
Herald the tidings "Salvation is free,"
Blending their voices in anthems of praise,
To Jesus the Mighty, the Ancient of Days.

Leaving His Home in heaven above:
Oh, what amazing wonderful love!
Born in a manger, the Saviour you find,
Given a ransom for all mankind.

Oh, what a Man of Sorrows was He,
Borne our grief in deep agony;
Bored with guilt and shame and pain,
Mocked by the world and left all alone.

Brought as a lamb to the slaughter was He,
Shamefully beaten and nailed to a tree;
Oh, how He loves us, the Saviour Divine!
Oh, what a wonderful Jesus is mine!

Sinner, oh, listen, He lovingly pleads,
"Come unto Me, I'll supply all your needs."
Thy moments are swiftly passing away,
Come to the Saviour, oh, do not delay!

ON A WINTER'S DAY.

BY E. CHAFFLE.

TUNE—*The ship that never returned.*

4 On a winter's day, as in sin he rambled,
Far away from friends and home,
He heard a voice which plain and bold him—
"Thou no longer needest roam!"
Then he came to Christ, Who at once received
And who made his poor heart whole,
And every day he is now rejoicing
In the God Who saves his soul.

CHORUS.

Did he ever return? No, he never returned
To the sin that stained his soul;
But he left his life in the hands of Jesus
Who has made his poor heart whole.

Now his heart is filled with love to others,
And his days for souls he gives,
Denying self of worldly pleasures,
That in heaven they may live;
A life of joy and praise and singing,
The world for God to gain;
And he's going to swell the Christmas
"Christ on earth has come to reign."

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY ELSIE A. COWAN.

TUNE—*Drive, my soul, arise.*

5 God's Christmas gift to men,
A babe, so sweet and mild,
His well-beloved Son,
His Holy, spotless Child;
Such wondrous love to sinners here,
This priceless gift doth now appear.

God's Christmas gift to earth,
A Prince, the Prince of Peace,
To still sin's raging war,
And bid our strife to cease.
He heralds in salvation's plan,
He brings good will from heaven to man.

God's Christmas gift from heaven,
A King to rule below,
His gentle life as pure
As softly falling snow.
Yet such His mighty power made known
That all shall bow before His throne.

God's gift to sinful men,
A Lamb for sacrifice,
To bear away our sin,
To bring us entire life.
He gave at such a fearful cost,
His blood to save the lost.

Oh, Saviour, Christ the Lord,
We own Thy gentle way;
Thy beams, bright Star of light,
Drive darkness far away,
And where our hearts were bound by chains
Thy matchless love allegiance claims.

CONSECRATION.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN MARSHALL.

TUNE—*And dare to leave it there.* (B. J., 81.)

6 In Bethlehem of old
To Thine came Eastern kings,
Who gave Thee frankincense and gold,
From lands whence morning springs.

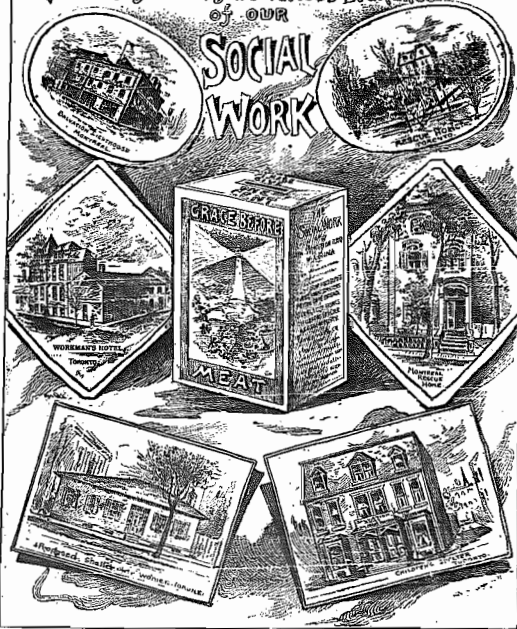
CHORUS.

Lord, at Thy feet I kneel,
And all my precious things
I give to Thee for woe or weal,
And all Thy warfare bring.

Like them I worship Thee
With body, soul and heart,
But more ten thousand times to me
Thou my Redeemer art.

No gold or myrrh have I,
But all I have I give,
And what no gold on earth could buy—
My life, O Lord, receive.

From this blast hear no more
Myself will I control,
But time and talent, tastes and store
Are Thine, with all my soul.

CHANGE DESPAIR INTO HOPE
By aiding the various Branches
of OURSOCIAL
WORK

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE Trade Secretary

TO THE READER.

When a Sinner finds Salvation

purpose becomes a Soldier, knowing that in the Salvation Army he has unlimited opportunities to become a soul-winner.

be at once is desirous of bringing salvation to others, and for this

A Soldier is known

by his uniform. The first thing to get is a Badge (15 cents), and some Tri-Colored Ribbon (5 or 10 cents). Next comes a Cap (\$1.75), or, if a Lassie, a Bonnet, which you can buy in three qualities, at 60 cents, 90 cents, and \$1.50, untrimmed. We sell Silk for Trimming at 60 cents, 85 cents, and \$1.00 per yard. S. A. Bands at 30 cents each; or you can buy a Bonnet already trimmed from \$2.50 to \$4.00.

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We have Guernseys in three prices, \$1.75, \$2.10, and \$2.25. Jerseys for women at \$1.75, both in Red and Blue.

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Finally, Brethren,

remember that the profits of the S. A. Trade Department are entirely devoted to the war, and if you purchase from us you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have in some degree helped the Kingdom. Wishing you a happy Christmas and God's blessing and guidance in the New Year, I remain,

Yours, in the Saviour's service,

TRADE SECRETARY.